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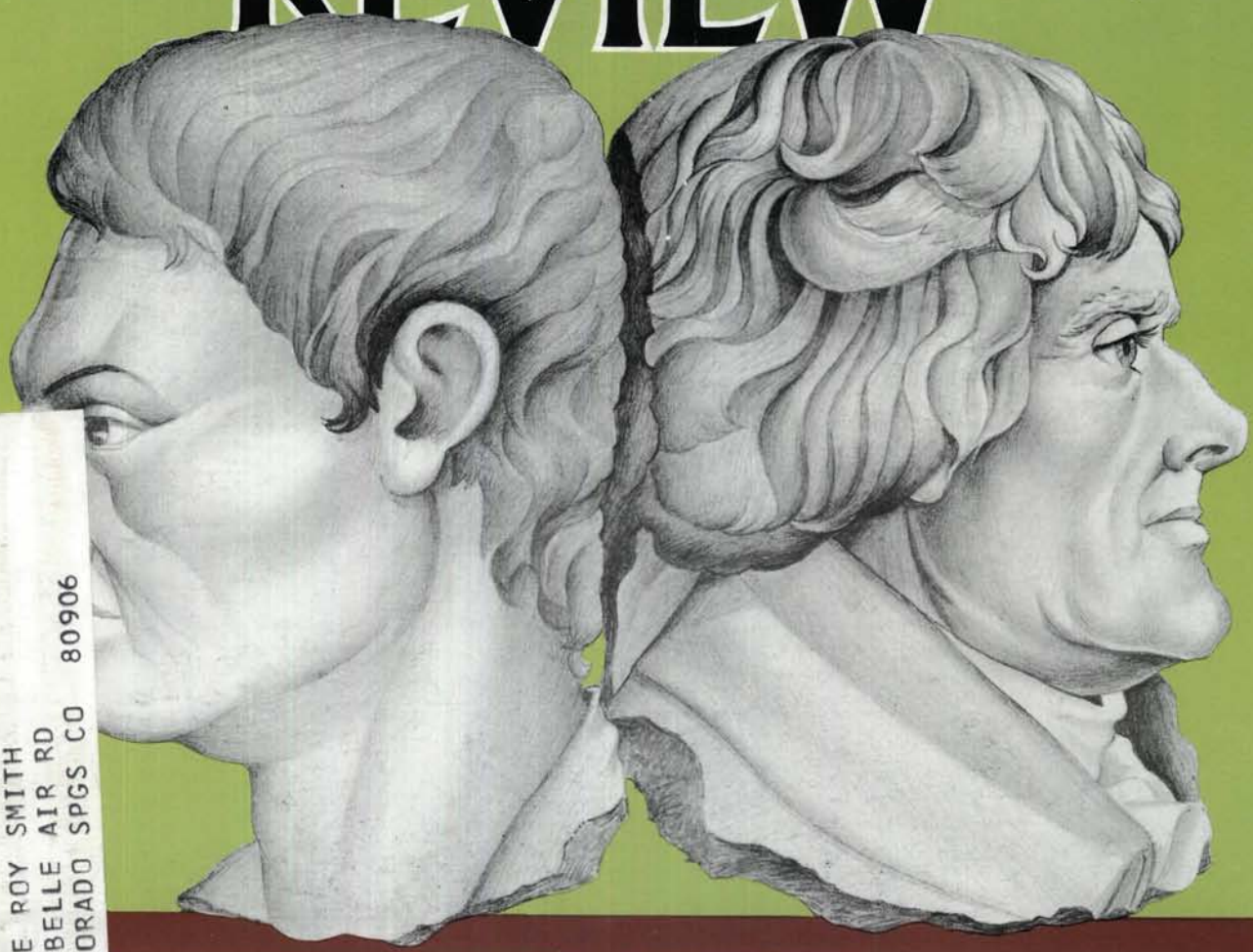

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IN DEFENSE OF POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY

Harry V. Jaffa

The Myth of Separation: UNDERSTANDING THE FIRST AMENDMENT

Robert L. Cord

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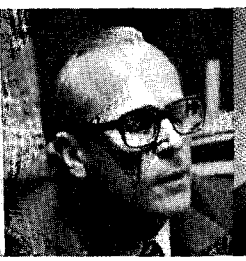
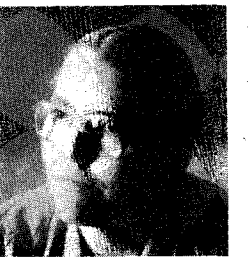
CORD
Page 26


RUSHER
Page 33

JAFFA
Page 36

HIGGINS
Page 46

HORNE
Page 52


BRIDGES
Page 62

Articles & Columns

22 Reagan/Bush, 1984
At the end of Year One of the Reagan Administration it looks as if Reagan himself is the only true believer in the White House, with one exception—the guy who ran hardest against him, George Bush, one-time anathema to most conservatives.
John McLaughlin

24 MIRVed Allies
Count the fruits of detente past: Yemen, Ethiopia, Angola, Mozambique, Afghanistan, possibly Zimbabwe. There's more of the same ahead, unless our allies finally wake up. *Brian Crozier*

26 The Myth of Separation: Understanding the First Amendment
The current "Jeffersonian" interpretation of the no-establishment clause would have surprised the Constitution's Framers. It would, indeed, have surprised Jefferson. A constitutional scholar examines the historical evidence that has lately been ignored and mishandled by our jurists. *Robert L. Cord*

33 The Bear That Walks like a Conservative
Lyn Nofziger looks like Tony Galento gone to seed, but so what. Maybe other presidential assistants should be sent to the same tailor.
William A. Rusher

36 In Defense of Political Philosophy: A Letter to Walter Berns
Two distinguished conservative political philosophers contend over the meaning of the American tradition—or over what they are contending about. (Will the real Straussian please stand up?)
Harry V. Jaffa

46 Defend Us, O Lord, from Creeps in the Night
Esquire has published, apologetically, some doubts about gun control. Some; not enough.
George V. Higgins

48 A New Deal in Eastern Europe?
Rumor has it that the Soviets plan to annex Czechoslovakia, formally, making it another Soviet "republic." But an even bigger move may lie ahead.
Thomas Molnar

64 Dark Horses
Why Reagan Won tells you a great deal about its author, F. Clifton White. But never mind. White's been around since '64, and knows the ins and outs of GOP presidential politics.
Chilton Williamson Jr.

Books Arts & Manners

50 A posthumous book about the two Richard Nixons proves mainly that there were two Fawn Brodies, says **Jack Chatfield**. . . . Only a Frenchman could get away with saying of the French what Alain Peyrefitte says of them in *The Trouble with France*. **Alistair Horne** smiles. . . . **Terry Teachout** welcomes Blackford Oakes's latest (wherein Oakes meets Buckley). . . . **Joseph Sobran** inspects a batch of proposals for judicial reform—*real* reform. . . . **John Simon** sees *Reds*. . . . Eight hours of *Nicholas Nickleby*, says **Linda Bridges**, is not too much of a good thing. . . . **D. Keith Mano** drops in on what used to be Gleason's Gym.

Letters	4
For the Record	11
The Week	12
hello	38
A Word Edgewise	68
On the Right	70
Trans-O-Gram	74

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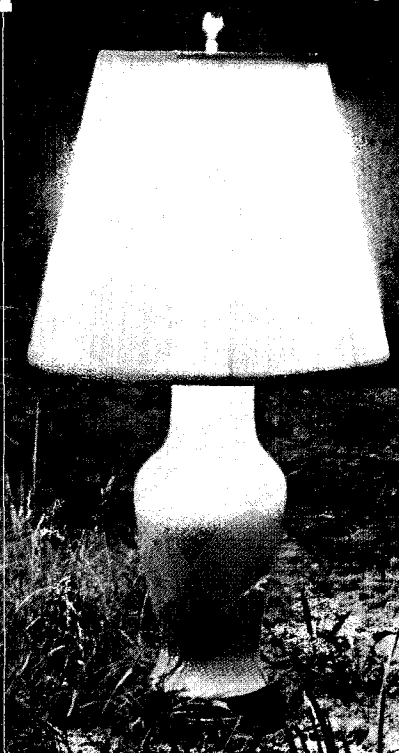

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Letters

POWs in Vietnam

James Bond Stockdale's vivid description of the moral strategies by which POWs in North Vietnam survived ["Grow or Die: The Melting Experience," Dec. 25] should dampen Averell Harriman's ninetieth birthday festivities. As Ambassador-at-Large in the Johnson Administration, Harriman enforced a policy of keeping the facts of North Vietnamese torture and abuse of POWs secret from the American press. This was necessary, he said, to facilitate his "delicate" negotiations on the prisoners' behalf—negotiations which came to nought. Nixon's Secretary of Defense, Melvin Laird, ended the "keep quiet" policy in May 1969, despite Harriman's best efforts. Within months, the politically sensitive North Vietnamese responded to U.S. newspaper headlines, improving prison conditions in accordance with Geneva conventions.

Harriman's insistence on keeping the torture of POWs under wraps had an incalculable effect on the success of North Vietnamese propaganda. It prolonged for years the isolation and abuse of American POWs. Officials under the Carter Administration learned nothing from this —hushing up the abuse of U.S. hostages in Iran. By now it should be accepted wisdom that appeasement results in worsening prison conditions and in undermining the prisoners' resolve to survive.

Richard Lanham
Larchmont, N.Y.

Applause

What a delight to see John Roche with a voice in *NR* ["A Word Edgewise"].

It had been some years since I last saw a Roche column, and I wondered if he had not sunk from sight. I am delighted to see he is as perceptive as ever, and as clear. What a wonderful teacher he must be!

Congratulations on your addition. Who says conservatives are against progress?

Carl Winslow Wernicke
Pensacola, Fla.

More on Modernism

I write to tell you that I am quite favorably impressed with Jeffrey Hart's article ["An Intelligent Woman's Guide to Modern American Conservatism," Nov. 27]. I agree that the hallmark of modernism is eclecticism. I suggest that European existentialist philosophers have invented a kind of eclectic scholasticism.

Miguel de Unamuno wrote a religious essay called *Del Sentimiento Trágico de la Vida en los Hombres y en los Pueblos.* One section of this essay, "De Dios a Dios," has a very interesting word: "*existiéndonos.*" It comes from the verb *existir*, which means to exist. *Nos* means us. The verb is a gerund. The word *existiéndonos* can be translated as, He exists us. "He" is God. *Existiéndonos* reverberates with Saint Thomas Aquinas, also. In *Summa Theologiae*, section 1a, 2, 2, Saint Thomas writes, "Scripture represents God as declaring, I am." He goes on to explain God as that which causes change but cannot itself be changed. *Existiéndonos* is a transitive usage of a verb that is usually intransitive. God is transitive.

I was amused by your term "young fogy." Unamuno had fogies to contend with, also. He wrote of them in *Del Sentimiento Trágico*, in a section titled "Don Quijote en la Tragicomedia Europea Contemporánea." He wrote that we must not allow our fear of ridicule to prevent us from being inventive and creative. His view was one of despair in that he had no doubt that inventive ideas would be ridiculed. But he put responsibility on the innovator for seeing that his ideas be noticed and used.

Karen Thelander
Albuquerque, N.M.

Jeffrey Hart's contribution to NATIONAL REVIEW's latest attempt to come to grips with modernity is a quantum leap forward in conservative understanding. Conservatives, including myself, have had considerable difficulty with freedom. We are for its extension but do not know what to do with it when we have it. Freedom does, after all, result in the proliferation of nonsense and barbarous acts. When we attempt to restrain such expressions, however, we fall back on traditions, axioms, or universal laws of moral behavior, all of which inhibit human expression.

Resorting to legalistic behavior patterns may be socially necessary, but it is also disastrous and unfortunate. It is disastrous, because the inhibition of human psychic contents results inevitably in these contents being projected onto others whose destiny then becomes the living out of another's unlived life. (Refer to *Depth Psychology and the New Ethic* by Erich Neumann.) Legalistic living is unfortunate, because human expression is, deep down, the expression of the Divine. This is a concept not at all understood by Christians. If it is true, however, it is also true that non-Christians like Wagner or Nietzsche allowed their Creator His expression on earth to a greater degree than Christians whose metaphysics have allowed only for God to act but not for man. (See

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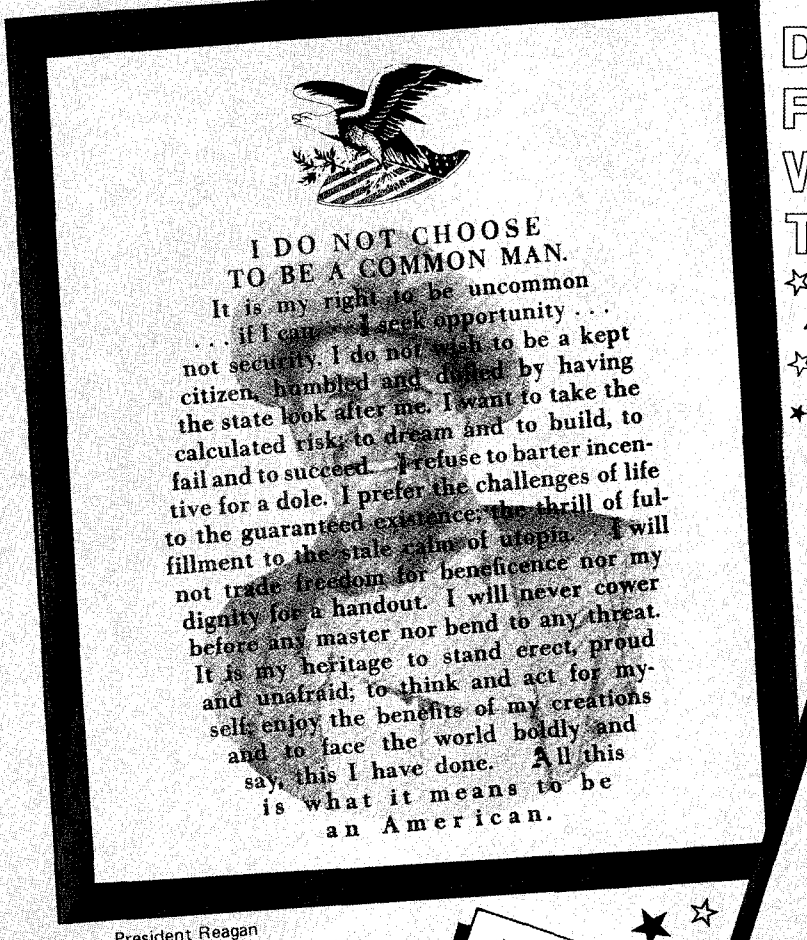
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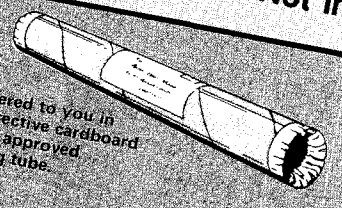

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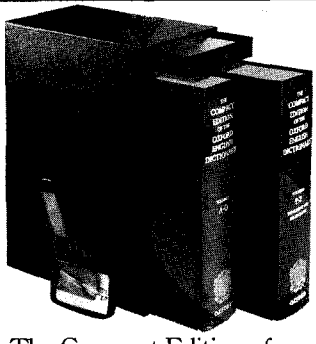

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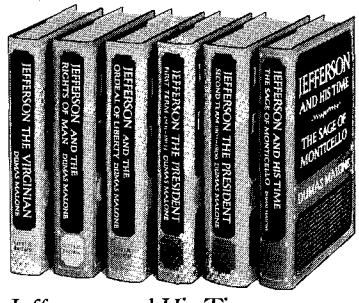
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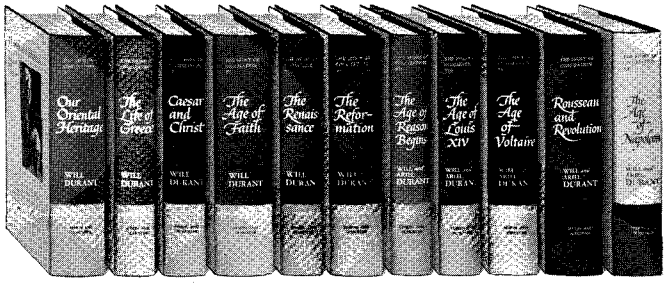

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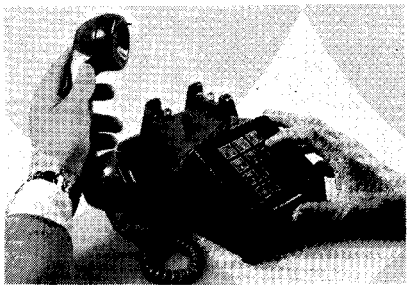

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Nicholas Berdyaev's *The Destiny of Man.*) I think Mr. Hart was quite right in suggesting that we reconsider that "somewhat surprising modernizer, none other than St. Paul" who wrote that "If you are led by the Spirit, you are not under the law." The unlived life is indeed a great sin, and conservatives who have been espousing freedom that is attached to human sterility are in some sense guilty of perpetuating that cowardly conception of human life.

Kenneth Cory
Dillon, Mont.

The Shroud

Regarding your comments on the Shroud of Turin and secularism ["The Week," Nov. 27] a few observations:

Let us grant for a moment the hypothesis that the Shroud is in fact a "photograph of the Resurrection." How impressive is this? Certainly less so than the events occurring during Jesus's ministry and crucifixion. Yet even eyewitnesses of these miracles remained unpersuaded of Jesus's divinity. The Pharisees were impressed, not into reverence, but into retribution. I doubt a piece of cloth will impress secularists even that much.

The Shroud fuss is in fact a sign of the poverty of modern theological discourse. The *real* question for Christian theology is not, "Did these events happen?" but "Why *must* these events have happened in order for man to be redeemed?" If the latter question is answered, the former follows. If it remains unanswered, the events retain no significance in themselves. The Shroud controversy is a sign that the empiricists have *won,* in forcing the discourse to their ground, the *a posteriori.*

To put it another way, the very thing which would make a Christian correct "not [to] doubt the Resurrection occurred" even without the Shroud (or other empirical evidence) makes the Shroud of Turin logically useless as a Christian apologetic.

David R. Stein, '82
St. John's College
Annapolis, Md.

Humpty Dumpty

Re: "The Week" [Sept. 18]: On Thursday, October 19, 1981 at 5:12 P.M., Channel 5 News, a bastion of liberalism, interviewed a welfare recipient who was about to have her welfare check cut under the Reagan reforms. She was a mother, black, currently employed, attractive and well-spoken.

She was asked the question, "What do you think of the reduction in your welfare check?" She replied, "I think it is probably necessary and in the long run will be better. I will probably go get a better job."

Was that an earthquake or did Tip O'Neill fall over?

Charles McAllister
New York, N.Y.

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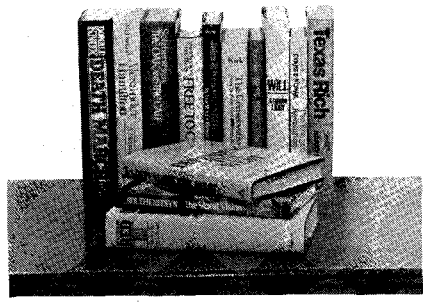

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Campus and the Corporation

There are growing grounds for concern about the health and vitality of higher education in America. Public and private universities face troubled futures rooted in fiscal uncertainties that strike at the heart of the educational mission.

Budgets and endowments are being ravaged by inflation. Faculty salary scales are under pressure; pay dropped by 20% in constant dollars during the last decade. Enrollments are on the decline, particularly in graduate studies. Bright young people are turning away from academic careers. With their budgets squeezed, universities are deferring needed maintenance. They are stinting on books for their libraries and instruments for their labs.

All this threatens the continued quality of on-campus teaching, scholarship, inquiry, innovation, and research: functions vital to the underpinnings of knowledge in our democratic society.

Take basic research, or the search for knowledge that enables us to do more things in better ways. At least 60% of all the basic research in the U.S. is done by universities. On-campus research and development in 1979 exceeded $5 billion in value, and more than $3.5 billion of the total represented basic research, as distinct from applied research and engineering development.

The U.S. government has been the principal sponsor of basic research at universities. However, government support has been weakening in recent years. One measure of hope is the increasing involvement of the business community in supporting university research and in contributing in other ways to the strengthening of higher education.

Still, there's large room for growth in corporate help for education. "Business has gained a clearer understanding of the role of the universities and the value of free inquiry," notes the Committee for Corporate Support of Private Universities. "One result is a substantial increase in business support of higher education — measured in inflated dollars. But in constant dollars, it has risen only marginally." What's especially disturbing is that many corporations give little or nothing to higher education.

Inducing more companies to support higher education is the task taken on by the Boston-based committee. It is not a fund-raising agency. Rather, it is an advocate, an exhorter, working to foster closer relationships between campus and the corporation.

Corporations turn to the campus for the talented, trained people they need. They draw on the ideas and innovations that flow from university scholarship and research. So business has a direct self-interest in getting closer to the higher education community, finding out what the needs are, and helping to fill them. There are many ways to help: direct research grants, capital contributions, matching employees' gifts to universities, fellowships for young teacher-scholars, cooperative projects in teaching and research.

Increasing ties of understanding and support are being formed between business and education. Such links are mutually valuable. They serve both institutions, along with the broad public interest. They should be multiplied and strengthened.

UNITED TECHNOLOGIES

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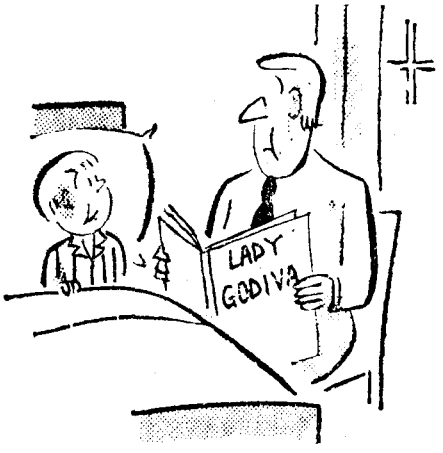
FOR THE RECORD

■ Who stands where on Poland? Our valiant neighbor to the north, **Pierre Elliott Trudeau**: "All countries should respect Poland's right to settle its own problems its own way." . . . **Willy Brandt**, president of the Socialist International (SI), stresses his "hope that detente will not be affected" by the military crackdown on Solidarity. To their credit, his SI associates stiff-armed Brandt's weasly statement and formally condemned the "brutal repression in Poland." . . . Only Italy's Prime Minister **Giovanni Spadolini** showed any immediate inclination to follow the U.S. lead on sanctions. Spadolini said Italy might reconsider its participation in Siberian gas-line deal. . . . By and large, the Communist parties of **Italy**, **Spain**, **Belgium**, **Sweden**, and **Holland** came out more firmly against **Jaruzelski**'s martial law than did their governments. France's CP leader **Georges Marchais** came up with a pallid "we have no wish to pour oil on fire," which may incidentally touch off a split in that monolithic, still-Stalinist Party. The Portuguese Party approved Poland's measures against "antisocial and antisocialist groups."

■ How about the domestic Left? The **Socialist Workers Party**—the largest Trotskyist group—condemns the repressive measures in Poland outright ("a brutal suppression of the Polish workers and farmers by the Polish regime, backed up by the Kremlin"). . . . Forty leading pacifists (**Noam Chomsky**, **Currie Burris**—Clergy and Laity Concerned—**Dave Dellinger**, etc.) support "the right of the Polish working class to organize trade unions and to strike" but go on to appeal to "the Soviet leadership to continue its policy of recognizing the right of the Polish people to deal with their own problem" (i.e., they urge **Brezhnev** to let Jaruzelski get on with the dirty job alone). . . . As for the CPUSA, its version of what has been going on in Poland is from a Looking-Glass *World*. *Daily World* headline, Dec. 15: "POLAND HEEDS UNITY CALL—NATION GOES BACK TO WORK." Dec. 19: "VICTORY FOR POLISH PEOPLE: COUNTER-REVOLUTION FOILED." Dec. 30: "REAGAN WIELDS ANTI-USSR CLUB, USES POLAND AS PRETEXT." Devoted *World* readers learn (Dec. 15) that **Walesa** was "not among those arrested, and was flown to Warsaw for talks with government officials," that (Dec. 29) striking miners in Ziemovit and Piast were held underground by force by "extremists" of Solidarity, and "never were genuinely on strike against martial law," that (Dec. 19) "**Reagan**'s support for Solidarity and Polish trade union rights [is] hypocritical, pure demagogy in view of his dictatorial, brutal denial of the right to strike for 13,000 air-traffic controllers."



Shailo, *London Daily Telegraph* Rothco

"Was it a tax protest?"

■ What *Daily World* readers haven't been getting is hints that Jaruzelski & Co. are perhaps not the most popular people in Poland. *Item:* The giant **Katowice furnace** was extinguished by strikers before the troops threw them out. It will take a long time to start it again. *Item:* There are other long, long lines in Poland these days, rebellious Party members turning in their cards. *Item:* The huge Ursus tractor factory turned out one (1) tractor in the two weeks between martial law and Christmas. *Item:* Polish fishing vessels continue tied up in **Vancouver** because seamen flown over to man them after other crewmen defected are defecting themselves. *Item:* Slogan "The Crow Will Die" keeps appearing on factory walls in Warsaw; the army newspaper piles up unbought and unread. "Crow" is the name for the ruling **Military Council**. *Item* (of historical interest): **Pax** was the fellow-traveling Catholic front organization the Poles set up years ago to try to wean the people from the Roman Church. Pax's leader, **Ryszard Reiff**, was the only member of the Council of State not to sign proclamation of martial law, whereupon Pax was dissolved.

■ And around Poland, the heavy hand falls: In **East Berlin** a roundup of East Germans known to be sympathetic to Solidarity, or to have had contacts with Solidarity leaders, is under way. . . . In **Estonia**, four men who passed out leaflets Dec. 1 complaining of food shortages and human-rights violations have been arrested. Other demonstrations are scheduled in the Baltic states on the first of every month. . . . **Jacques Derrida**, a French philosopher, was picked up in Prague and held temporarily on drug charges. He happened to be attending a **Charter 77** meeting at the time. . . . A **Swedish reporter** in Moscow was expelled "for spying" in obvious retaliation against Sweden's holding of the nuclear-armed Soviet sub. . . . And going the rounds in **Kabul**: Why is Afghanistan the most unaligned state of them all? Answer: Because it doesn't even interfere in its own affairs.

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THE WEEK

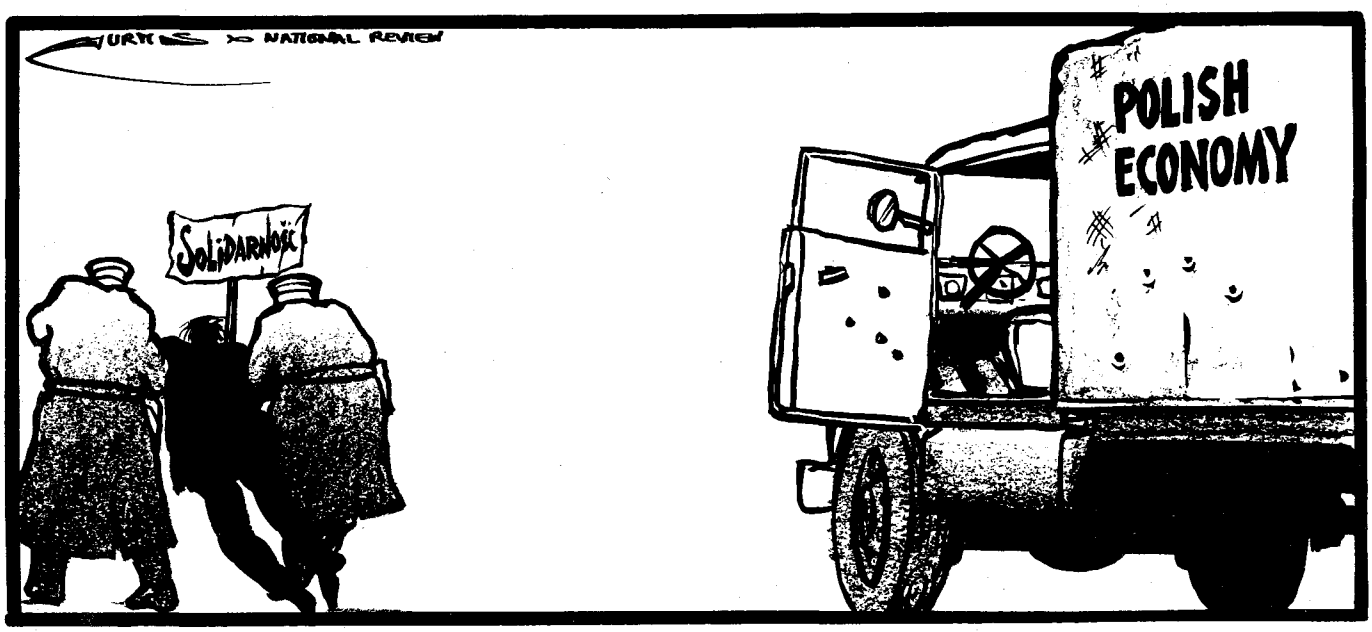
■ It's just like old times: a German socialist government cooperating with Moscow to crush Poland. But the older crowd had better uniforms.

■ DEC. 23, 1999 (AP)—U.S. District Judge Candace Bigelow followed judicial precedent today in ruling that states could rescind their support for the Equal Rights Amendment, now in its seventh congressional extension. Thirty-two of the 35 "pro"-ERA states have rescinded so far. Judge Bigelow's ruling did not surprise feminists, who had sought to remove her from the case, on the grounds that she was married to a man and therefore biased. Eleanor Smeal, president of NOOW (National Organization of Older Women), vowed to continue the fight "with my dying breath, if necessary."

■ Under Attorney General William French Smith, the Justice Department is transforming itself from a nest of Naderite auxiliaries and *sans-culottes* into a corrector of the accumulated legal and judicial excesses of the Warren and Burger years. In a speech to the General Counsels of all the federal agencies, Smith outlined three areas for reform: justiciability, or what may properly be brought before a federal court (an end to sweetheart suits between agencies and intervenors is envisioned here); the multiplication of "implied" fundamental rights; the overuse of mandatory injunctions, which have saddled courts with administrative responsibility for school systems, employment programs, and even, in one case, a local sewer. "We will attempt," Smith said, "to reverse [the] unhealthy flow of power from state and federal legislatures to federal courts."

■ It's certainly not news that the great majority of the best, the brightest, and the richest people in the news media are liberal. Still, an article by S. Robert Lichter and Stanley Rothman in the October/November number of *Public Opinion* does break new ground. According to "Media and Business Elites," 54 per cent of the "media elite" consider themselves left of center, while only 19 per cent describe themselves as being on the right. In the national presidential elections between 1964 and 1976, 6 to 19 per cent of the men and women the authors interviewed voted for the Republican candidate. Nevertheless, only one in eight is in favor of public ownership of corporations, two-thirds strongly opposed; 86 per cent are in agreement with the basic tenets of capitalism. It is on matters of social morality and policy that the media elite are most liberal: overwhelmingly they support the causes of women, gays, minorities, kids, abortionists, consumerists, environmentalists, and of course journalists—you name it. In other words, the media elite like everything about capitalism, including the salaries it confers—except the ethos that created and sustains it. With any luck, they can change that ethos: Lichter and Rothman also discovered that the group most favored by the media elite to direct and remake American society is—themselves.

■ Protest has somehow lost its flavor since the Great Depression. A "Hooverville" consisting of half a dozen "symbolic" tents has been erected in a park near the White House—with a permit. This is supposed to dramatize the plight of the homeless in Washington, D.C., both of them, not that of the jobless across the



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country. The sponsor is a tax-exempt and probably government-funded group called the Community for Noncreative Violence, hold it, Creative Nonviolence. A few, hold it, too few of its members have been arrested.

■ The government proceeds with its plans to change the way the Consumer Price Index is figured so that mortgage rates no longer exaggerate the real extent of inflation. Only a few years ago this would have been highly controversial—it means lower benefit checks for retirees, civil servants, etc. Why, then, has there been so little controversy about the shift? The answer, we suspect, is that until this year only spending programs were indexed to the CPI. Now taxes are indexed, too, and artificially high inflation rates will not only balloon spending, but—horrors—cut taxes as well. That thud you hear is the sound of liberals climbing on the bandwagon of indexing reform.

■ More than twenty states now have legislation pending on the creation of tax-haven zones for economically depressed districts. Louisiana and Connecticut have both passed limited versions of the Kemp-Garcia scheme. Last week, however, the proposal came before Illinois Republican Governor Jim Thompson. The Illinois bill would have allowed new businesses in the enterprise zone a 100 per cent exemption from taxation in the first year, the taxes phasing in over five years. The bill, moreover, permitted exemption from all but the most limited state regulations. A homesteading provision would have allowed the purchase of condemned buildings for $100, provided they were brought up to code in five years. The Illinois bill was a "model for future federal approaches," according to the Department of Housing and Urban Development. It passed the Illinois House 111 to 51 and the Illinois Senate, Democratically controlled, 43 to 14. It was backed by the President. And Thompson had indicated to the press that it would be signed. But two days before the bill was scheduled to be signed, State Senator Donald Totten, the Jack Kemp of the Midwest and sponsor of the bill, announced his candidacy for Lieutenant Governor. Thompson has his own man for the slot—and vetoed the Totten bill. Concluded Thompson: "It wouldn't create any new jobs."

■ A young Haverford graduate named Michael Marino may represent something new in the Republican Party. He is running for Congress in the First District in Philadelphia. Through redistricting, Marino's district will combine two former districts represented by Democratic ABSCAMers Ozzie Myers and Ray Lederer. Marino's roots are in the First District. His campaign headquarters is in his late grandfather's house. Marino is a Republican, but, he says, his own free-market, tax-cutting, pro-neighborhood, and pro-family views are consistent with the views of his Democratic constituents. Marino believes that his brand of conservatism can win in this older Northeastern city, in a blue-collar district, and that it is important for the Republican Party to make this demonstration.

■ The *New York Times*, hoisting up the banner of "family values," has demanded editorially that Walter Polavchak be returned to his parents in the Soviet Union. Maybe we missed something. Has the Supreme Court declared Walter a fetus?

■ Item from the Letters page of the *Washington Post*: "● 'President Ferdinand Marcos . . . the 64-year-old strongman'—William Branigan, November 22, p. 21. ● 'Leonid Brezhnev . . . the 75-year-old Soviet leader'—Dusko Doder, November 22, p. 29. ● 'The dictatorship of Anastasio Somoza . . . Libyan leader Muammar Qaddafi . . . Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev . . . Cuban President Fidel Castro . . .'—Christopher Dickey, November 22, pp. 1 and 34. Could you please explain to readers the basis on which editors decide that some dictators are leaders, others strongmen, others indeed dictators? The impression I get is that enemies of the United States are led by leaders, while friends are misfortunate enough to suffer under strongmen and dictators. True? (Signed) Tom Bethell, Washington." The *Post*, while printing the letter, chose not to answer Mr. Bethell, remaining instead inscrutable as the Sphinx, the 4,500-year-old Egyptian strongperson.

■ "What are we to think of defenders of human rights who ignore the victims of major tyrants and focus all their ferocity on the victims of minor tyrants?" U.S. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick put that question to the UN General Assembly Committee on Social, Humanitarian, and Cultural Affairs. At the UN, she observed, "moral outrage is distributed much like violence in a protection racket." She cited, as a "particularly egregious example of moral hypocrisy," the contrast between the UN's recurring condemnations of El Salvador, Guatemala, Chile, and Bolivia and its "studious unconcern with much larger violations of human liberty" by Cuba, whose government has "repressed freedom, denied equality, and, incidentally, deprived its citizens of what is termed here the right to development."

■ Central America is heating up. The Cubans are consolidating the new regime in Nicaragua, rapidly making its army the toughest—next to Brazil's—in Latin America. (The Nicaraguan army now numbers eighty thousand as against seven thousand under the repressive militarist Somoza.) Bulgaria is training pilots, Hanoi has promised American helicopters, and the Soviet Union has delivered 25 tanks (better suited to suppressing uprisings in the capital than to jungle fighting). Meanwhile, kidnappings and assassinations

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are frequent in Honduras. The rector of Guatemala's chief university was murdered, and bombings are regular features in Guatemala City. The level of guerrilla activity in Costa Rica has caused the government to *create* an army—after 33 years without one. All of which helps explain the hazy media image of leftist forces south of the border as invincible though harmless. Back to you, Dan.

■ Let's get tough. Why don't we threaten to send our allies one helicopter for every American helicopter Hanoi sends *its* allies?

■ Reaffirming its independence from colonialism, Ghana has had another coup, mounted once more by Jerry Rawlings, whose first coup occurred back in 1979. Advocates of constitutional government are pressing for a provision limiting any ruler to two coups—subject, of course, to emergency suspension.

■ OVERHEARD: General Wojciech Jaruzelski, at a press conference: "You won't have Lech Walesa to kick around any more."

■ RELIGION IS THE OPIATE OF THE MASSES, read one of the dusty banners in the Aeroflot office in Omsk, which may account for why Mr. and Mrs. Lewentez found themselves in the fishing village of Petersburg, two hundred miles south of Juneau, Alaska, on Christmas Eve. Their friends and family were awaiting them in that other, more saintly Petersburg, in Florida.

■ The Federal Government has granted $352,000 to provide bus service to the ski slopes in poverty-ridden Aspen, Colorado.

■ Incredibly, the Feds have set up a hotline for reports of government waste, fraud, graft, corruption, pork, swindles, featherbedding, and related arts. The toll-free number is 800-424-5454. Go ahead.

■ Like many Polish names, "Jaruzelski" isn't pronounced the way it looks to readers of English. Poles make it rhyme with "Schmidt."

Basic Flaws

With Eve, it was the apple
  That did the lady in;
Narcissus loved reflections;
  Rasputin liked to sin.
King Arthur lost a kingdom
  Despite Excalibur,
While Poles can point to Yalta,
  Churchill, and FDR.

W. H. VON DREELE

■ Garry Wills is calling the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW "kooks." Again. Sigh. As long as Patty Hearst has resumed normal life as a wife and mother, would she mind if Garry borrowed the name Tania?

■ We promise: nothing this year about Jackie, Bo, Dolly, Brooke, Liz, Burt, Farrah, Mick, or Loni. Cross our hearts. What other magazine can make that pledge?

Solidarity and Disaster

Did Solidarity go too far? By the test of events as of now, obviously it did. Nevertheless, the demands which went too far, in the sense of precipitating the crackdown, were consonant with the norms of any free society. The virtues of so spontaneous a movement—with numbers far disproportionate to structure and with aspirations on a collision course with dictatorship—are all too likely to prove out as vulnerabilities. Reach comes to exceed grasp, and momentum is gained beyond what the center of gravity can permit.

Our initial comment on Solidarity (*NR*, Sept. 5, 1980) qualified endorsement with foreboding. As Walter Laqueur observed in the *Wall Street Journal* the other day: "That the Soviet Union will not let go of Poland is the one certainty in an otherwise obscure situation." Such was our sense of the matter at the outset, when Solidarity was still seeking only to compel better performance without basically challenging the Communist character of the regime. The enduring question in succeeding months, as Solidarity's awareness of the impossibility of reform within the limits of the prevailing system grew, was whether the ultimate crackdown would be by Warsaw's agency or Moscow's.

To say these things is not—in the manner of George Kennan—to shrug off the ultimate crackdown as just one of those things. The essence of tragedy is that virtues, far from being rewarded, incur punishment. That the heroine's goodness in Shakespeare's *The Rape of Lucrece* inevitably sets her up as a victim does not serve to mitigate Tarquin's offense or to deter one from identifying with the sufferer and those who mourn her. In Poland's case, in contrast to the poem, there is no subsequent opportunity for "a meritorious fair design to chase injustice with revengeful arms." Policy is reduced to more denials of commerce. The embargoes are marginal. Three-fourths of U.S. exports to the Soviet Union—the portion that takes the form of grain transfers—is unaffected because, for one reason, President Reagan has long since renounced such a course. The ban on pipeline supplies and equipment does have a potential for causing more than marginal inconvenience—if it delays or halts construction of the big natural-gas

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pipeline between Europe and the Soviet Union. So we are reduced to largely symbolic gestures, but that is scarcely an argument for withholding them.

Under Eastern Eyes

Transcripts of Polish radio broadcasts; reprints or articles in *Pravda* and *Trybuna Ludu*; occasional interviews with anonymous Communist functionaries; speculations by Western analysts on all of the above —these constitute the bulk of the American media's reporting of the Polish crisis. Richard Nixon should have had it so good.

The media, to give them credit, admit to being hamstrung; indeed, the intrepidity with which the stray uncensored bit has been smuggled out—by tourists; sewn in the lining of reporters' jackets—has been the theme of numerous sidebars. But what did they expect? In a free country, like America, bold reporting is a piece of cake. In countries with any freedom at all —Pinochet's Chile, Gandhi's India—it is still possible. Even Communist countries can arrange tours and interviews when the mood strikes them. But change the mood, and they can seal themselves up tight as a drum. That is because (to employ a much-derided distinction—see also page 18) they are totalitarian, not authoritarian—which means, as far as censorship is concerned, that they're much better at it. You're in the big leagues now, Dan.

Allen to Clark

Richard V. Allen has served his country and the cause of freedom in a variety of capacities. A foreign-policy professional, he has long been associated with the Hoover Institution at Stanford. He served as Richard Nixon's foreign-policy coordinator in the 1968 campaign. In 1980 he performed the same function for Ronald Reagan, and then went on to become National Security Advisor at the White House.

With his agreement—indeed, on his recommendation—that post was much reduced in scope. In successive Administrations it had become a focus of power competing with the Secretary of State. Reagan tried a new approach. Unlike McGeorge Bundy, Henry Kissinger, or Zbigniew Brzezinski, Allen did not report directly to the President, and he operated with a much reduced staff. His channel to the Oval Office was presidential counselor Edwin Meese. Though this structure solved the old problem of a two-headed foreign-policy arrangement, however, it created others. Too much traffic of all kinds was flowing through Meese. But if the Security Advisor post were to be upgraded, the Meese-Baker-Deaver troika would in effect become a four-man structure.

The various allegations of misconduct regarding Allen proved to be entirely without substance—indeed, in the end, to be comic. Concerning his integrity there can be no doubt. The bottom line appears to be that, if the troika were to become a four-man structure, Meese, Baker, and Deaver believed that they could work more effectively with Clark.

Bill Clark stepped in as Reagan's chief of staff in Sacramento shortly after his election as governor. An intramural scandal had rocked the new administration, but Clark restored a sense of equanimity to the staff. It was Clark who brought both Meese and Deaver to the governor's office in Sacramento, and the three men know that they can work well together. At every post he has held, Clark has proved to be outstandingly successful: chief of staff, State Supreme Court Justice, Deputy Secretary of State. At his Senate confirmation hearings for the last-mentioned post, Clark exhibited considerable lacunae in his knowledge of foreign affairs, but once on the job he earned widespread respect. Clark is a gifted administrator, a man of captivating friendliness who can disagree without rancor.

If some of Richard Allen's enemies, particularly in the media, had it in for him because he is a hard-liner on the Soviet Union, they will derive small comfort from Clark's appointment.

Dialing for Deficits

Republicans are right to be concerned about the big budget deficits David Stockman has forecast for coming years: $109 billion in this fiscal year, $162 billion in fiscal 1984, $182 billion in fiscal 1986. But they should remember that all these figures, and especially those for later years, are terribly soft—little better than guesswork. As Congressman Jack Kemp points out in a recent release, even slight shifts in the underlying economic assumptions can result in large swings up or down in the projected deficit.

Kemp notes that, according to Congressional Budget Office estimates, a single percentage point rise in the annual rate of real economic growth would narrow the fiscal 1986 deficit by $66 billion. A single percentage point rise in the inflation rate, likewise, would cause a $49-billion drop in the same year's deficit. Forecasters who are optimistic about inflation and pessimistic about growth will thus come up with far

Farewell, Errant Sisters

If Europe chooses to believe
The Poles rejoiced on New Year's Eve,
It's time we left them with the Finns
And parted, playing violins.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Reaching for Perspective

The following are excerpts from NATIONAL REVIEW*'s commentary on the suppression of the Poznan workers in Poland in the summer of 1956, and the subsequent armed suppression by the Soviet Union of the Hungarian freedom-fighters.* —ED.

Poznan, Budapest, Gdansk 1956-1981

Your Sergeant Death, as Shakespeare calls him, is a great stripper-off of masks, particularly when he comes revolver in hand. Not all the perfumes of Muscovy can wash the Poznan blood off the Kremlin's face, which, behind Stalin's genial pipe or Khrushchev's affable grin, is revealed in the first flash of a security guard's gun to be ever the same grim visage of terror and brutality. Machine guns, bombers, tanks: this is the answer of Communism to the call for bread and freedom.

And as they rolled over Polish bodies the Communist tanks flattened also the soft rhetoric of our George Kennans and Stewart Alsops, our experts and smug journalists, who have been telling us how the Soviet regime has come to be accepted by its subjects, how (in Kennan's servile words) "there is a finality, for better or worse [*sic*], about what has . . . occurred in Eastern Europe." The people of Poznan, clasping hands as they faced the tanks, demanding food and decent working conditions and an end to Moscow's rule, and the soldiers who joined them instead of firing on them: these in one day communicated more of the truth about the Soviet Empire than a decade's dispatches by correspondents and diplomats.

Each time that the East Europeans *act* on the premise of liberation, Washington is taken wholly by surprise. The actors receive no guidance, no aid, no comfort from us. They die, and our officials continue with the latest round of efforts to persuade those who shot them of our peaceful and friendly intentions.

The slave laborers of Vorkuta, the German workers of June 1953, the Poznan citizens of yesterday, prove that they are ready to die fighting their enemy, who is also ours. But by our vacillation—by our emptiness—we condemn them to die in vain. Therefore our cheek also is stained with their blood.

—*"End of the Masquerade,"* NR, *July 18, 1956*

The total response of our government to the Poznan uprising has been: 1) a mild comment by the press officer of the State Department to the effect that Polish workers do not appear to be altogether satisfied with their present situation; 2) an offer by Mr. Harold Stassen, the President's Commissioner of Peace and Disarmament, to send free food—for distribution by the Polish government—that is, the government that shot down the workers.

Advocates of anti-Communist political warfare contend that we should be actively fostering the resistance movements within the Soviet sphere, and rendering them many forms of material aid. That view is, granted, controversial. But is it unteamlike to suggest that, confronted with one of the most dramatic developments of the decade, one might expect of our government a little better than that it should fall flat on its face?

Might not Mr. Lodge [our ambassador to the United Nations] have complained to the Security Council—and to world public opinion—that the actions of the Polish government, a member of the UN, were in gross violation of its obligations under the Charter? Couldn't Mr. Dulles [our Secretary of State] have demanded that competent international observers be present at all forthcoming Poznan trials, with the right to interview the accused? Would it not have been appropriate for the President himself to direct a few words to the Poznan workers (and to all the terrorized slaves of Communism) tending to show that we are at least morally united with them in their present and future struggles against their masters?

—*"Tongue-Tied,"* NR, *July 25, 1956*

Buried almost out of sight on election day last week was the answer suggested by Senator William Knowland to the Soviet Union's massacre of Hungary. Senator Knowland called for: 1) A worldwide condemnation of the Soviet Union as an aggressor. 2) The expulsion of the Soviet Union from the United Nations. 3) The application of economic sanctions against the Soviet Union and its allies. 4) Withdrawal of diplomatic recognition of the Soviet Union. And 5) the organization of an international, military volunteer "crusade for freedom," dedicated to driving the troops of the Soviet Union from Hungary.

Senator Knowland's was one voice, but it sang out above the American political chorus that met this most grievous affront on humanity with extensive and wordy requiems, and nothing, literally nothing, more. Is Senator Knowland the only man in American pol-

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itics who grasps the fact that the Communist mind is not reached by appeals to reason, or his heart touched by appeals to compassion; that even a lead editorial in the *New York Times* will not deter the Soviet Union from its absorbing preoccupation with stamping out freedom wherever in the world it presumes to exist? Tens of thousands of Hungarian martyrs *have* died in vain, it appears, for in the Western mind, and in the Western stomach, there is not the resolution or the will to resist; over their graves, there is nothing being pledged but parliamentary expressions of distaste; as to deeds, there are none. There is only submission.

We wish a national moratorium could be declared on verbal and written criticism of Communism and Communists. We wish that every politician, every orator, every editorial writer, every preacher would, one morning, stop deploring any act of the Soviet Union, or aspect of Communism. In the sudden stillness, we would realize how empty has been our "opposition" to Communism, for in that stillness we would hear, in dreadful clarity, only the bustling wheels of normalcy, and know the absence of any meaningful act of resistance; and, without the solace of our rhetoric, we might be ashamed.

—*"Who Says They Didn't Die in Vain?"*
NR, *Nov. 17, 1956*

In remote places, in hopeless isolation and with irredeemable commitment, the last noble remnants of Hungarian students are dying violently tonight. I wish to inquire whether they are dying wisely. In the largest sense we cannot affect the innate wisdom of that death. For to die nobly is always wise. But in an America fat with too much living, it may be difficult for many to see the wisdom of Hungarian defiance—so hopeless, so doomed to failure. For us, however, who still remember that by death life is not taken away but only changed, there remains the power to appreciate deeply the nobility of spirit these men displayed. With awareness in their hearts, they preferred death in a hopeless bid for freedom to a prudent life of enslavement.

The only mistake they made was to expect aid from us. In this Hungary thought too highly of us. We have wrung our hands, and passed resolutions. And now that the last Hungarian radio has been silenced by Soviet might and the tranquillity of the dungeon returns upon the land, the danger is that we will try to forget. This evening I pray that the last voice from Hungary will echo in disturbing and corroding tones through the conscience of the West and stimulate us to a manliness we have of late forgotten. We cannot change the innate wisdom of what they did, but we can, by our response, decide whether their deed will bear its ultimate fruit.

—*"The Meaning of Hungary," by Stanley Parry,*
NR, *Dec. 1, 1956*

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higher deficit figures than forecasters who think otherwise.

Much of the newly discovered deficit arises from two seemingly small changes of this sort made by Stockman's Office of Management and Budget when it updated earlier forecasts last month. Simply by cutting the projected growth rate by one percentage point and cutting the projected inflation rate by one and a half points, OMB added $348 billion to the cumulative 1982-1986 deficit, Kemp says. For fiscal 1986, the difference amounted to $140 billion—enough to balloon a $42-billion deficit to $182 billion.

Washington planners cannot fine-tune an economy under such uncertainty: they cannot even loose-tune it. Forecasts are often wrong by more than a percentage point even for the year at hand—let alone for four years down the road, with uncertainty piled on uncertainty. Stockman can argue, with some justice, that his guesses are as good as anyone else's, and that both inflation and growth are in fact coming in at lower levels than had been expected. To this Kemp offers two plausible replies. First, the growth rate during recoveries from recessions has averaged 6.9 per cent since World War II, well above the 5.7 per cent OMB predicts for the upcoming recovery. Second, few observers accept the idea that inflation can drop to 3 per cent in 1986 even as deficits rise to $182 billion. Even if inflation and deficits are not rigidly linked, they surely exert at least a gravitational tug on each other. If so, a more reasonable prediction for 1986 might include slightly more inflation, and massively less of a deficit. Which makes the present wave of alarmism, and the calls for tax increases, look decidedly wrong-headed.

Mobil vs. Mitterrand

If you want to take over a big corporation, there are two ways of going about it. One might be called the Mobil method, and the other, the Mitterrand method. The first is full of risk and enterprise; the second is safe as houses.

To pursue the Mobil method you must already have been chosen to run some other big corporation, which means that you must know a lot about running a profitable business. No business experience is needed to pursue the Mitterrand method; indeed, it would be rather a handicap.

Next, you must pick a company to take over. If you are Mobil, you will want to choose one whose basic business is sound and whose assets are solid—

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say, Marathon Oil. You must be convinced, however, that you can make those assets worth much more than they are now, else it won't pay you to buy them at a premium. If you are Mitterrand, you can take over any firm you please. You will probably prefer declining industries, though, ideally with antiquated plants that you can keep open, at the cost of ever-steeper subsidies, in order to "preserve jobs."

After you have settled on your choice, you must line up funding. If you are Mobil, that means convincing some objective observer, in the form of a bank, that you really would manage your new assets well. If you are Mitterrand, you have an *embarras de richesses*: if you don't care to use tax money or the printing press, you can always force stockholders to take government bonds as compensation. On top of that, you *own* all the banks. Isn't that convenient?

How much will you have to pay? If you are Mobil, you must offer Marathon's stockholders a better deal than they have now. No one, after all, can force them to sell to you. Anyone else who wants can file his own bid, too, so you had better make sure yours is high enough. If you are Mitterrand, you can decide for yourself how much to offer—one-half of market value? one-third? Just pick some nice round figure, and don't worry about the stockholders. They aren't going anywhere.

If you are Mobil, you must expect to be tied up for years with antitrust problems. You would have no less than 8.1 per cent of the market, or around one in every 12 gas stations, which will be called a threatening monopoly. If you are Mitterrand, worry not about antitrust. So the opposition is afraid their newspapers won't be able to get credit because you own all the banks? *Tant pis!*

Then, if you are Mobil, you must prepare to be kibitzed to exhaustion by outsiders who think they know better than you how to spend your money. What you really should do with it, they will explain, is spend it to explore for oil, or lower gasoline prices, or pay it to the government. In vain you will point out that capital is not flowing either into or out of the oil business—all that is happening is that Mobil debt is replacing Marathon equity. If you are Mitterrand, it won't matter if France's roads, or its whole economy, are falling apart. People will treat you as respectfully as if you owned the money.

Finally, there will occur a strange semantic inversion. People will speak of the Mobil offer in language usually reserved for aggression ("takeover battle," "raid"). They will speak of the Mitterrand confiscation in the soothing language of commerce ("public investment," "state enterprise"). We say it's spinach, and we say to hell with it.

Mr. Reagan Decelerates

The linings screech, the tires burn,
  The driver hugs the wheel,
But still the truckload plunges on
  Despite the brakes' appeal.
This rig's been racing down a hill
  For more than twenty years,
And it's a toss-up if she slows
  Before we strip the gears.

W. H. VON DREELE

Bishops vs. Pope

"Whatever its origins, the movement is gathering steam—and generating controversy. Nowhere is this more true than within the U.S. Catholic hierarchy. Once the ruddy-cheeked epitome of patriotic 'fighting padres,' the American bishops have recently emerged as sharp critics of the arms race in general—and the Reagan Administration's policies in particular. No fewer than 54 of the nation's 301 Catholic bishops are members of the Pax Christi, a movement devoted to nonviolence. Earlier this year 29 Catholic bishops signed a statement declaring that 'even to possess nuclear weapons is wrong' "—*Newsweek*, January 11.

In all of this there is a good deal of media hype. A bishop can become famous overnight merely by joining the "movement." It is "news." But amidst it all, none other than Pope John Paul II stood athwart the path, speaking in tones of reason. In contrast to the unilateralist frenzy of much of the American hierarchy, the Vatican called for "the immediate reduction and ultimate elimination of all nuclear weapons *undertaken simultaneously by all parties* through specific agreements," including the acceptance of "efficient controls."

That is a very different position from the one that has been issuing forth, with maximum media reinforcement, from the American hierarchy. The Vatican position, indeed, could be endorsed by President Reagan—who recently called for the elimination of all medium-range missiles from Europe. It could be endorsed by Alexander Haig or Caspar Weinberger. It does not amount to unilateral disarmament, and it requires verification.

Between the "movement," on the one hand, and Pope John Paul II on the other, there comes a time of choosing.

The Burnham Distinction

Vermont Royster, writing in the *Wall Street Journal*, recently observed that the neoconservatives are getting all the applause—for reiterating perceptions and theories cultivated years ago by conservatives. One of these, the distinction between totalitarian and authori-

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tarian regimes, is being attributed to Jeane Kirkpatrick, who used it brilliantly in her *Commentary* article, "Dictatorships and Double Standards" (November 1979), and to Peter Berger, by Norman Podhoretz in his article "The New Defenders of Capitalism," in the *Harvard Business Review* (March/April 1981): "Berger then adds an interesting dimension to the empirical case by introducing a further distinction between two types of non-democratic societies—the totalitarian (like Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union, in which, as the term implies, the state exercises total control over all aspects of life) and the authoritarian (like Taiwan or South Korea, in which the state maintains a monopoly of political power but keeps its hands off most other areas of life) . . ."

In fact, the distinction between totalitarian and authoritarian regimes was developed by James Burnham in an important series of columns for *NR* in 1974. Under authoritarian governments, Burnham wrote, economic, religious, intellectual, and scientific freedoms, and the freedom to travel and to emigrate, are frequently respected. But "the distinctive feature of a totalist regime [as he called it, following Brian Crozier's lead, in preference to the word "totalitarian," which Mussolini adopted from the Italian philosopher Giovanni Gentile] is the integration of all aspects of life—economic, cultural, social, even personal—into the single power system."

Democracy, he wrote in 1974, is "a parochial feature of advanced Western civilization. In most of the world the actual issue is not whether democracy is going to win out over dictatorship—it has already lost." The question is rather what sort of dictatorship: "totalist, with the destruction of the social fabric of what the West means by civilization, or authoritarianism; and if authoritarianism, what variety, in what measure limited, with what admixture of brutality and terror."

Amen, Deacon

"It's time Christian people stand up for our rights. If we don't stand up for creation against evolution, we soon won't have any opportunity to worship. It'll be like Russia."

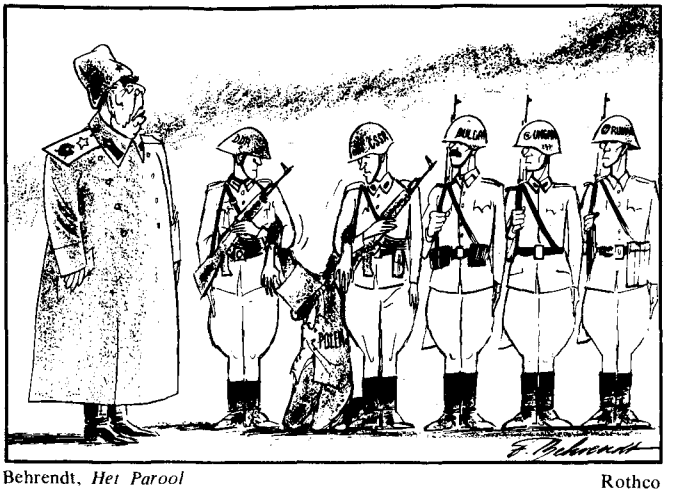
This Baptist deacon had a point, which unfortunately got lost in the tumult of the Arkansas "creationism" trial, in which Federal District Judge William Ray Overton ruled that creation science, as mandated in the state's laws on the teaching of biology in public schools, fails to meet the test of scientific method. The point, as Richard Weaver put it in a brilliant chapter of *The Ethics of Rhetoric*, is that philosophy is prior to positive science—an insight Weaver lamented that the prosecution had failed to exploit in the 1925 Scopes trial. History has repeated itself. The Arkansas creationists tried to uphold the implausible, namely that a version of science totally congruent with the literal interpretation of Genesis is not a "religious" doctrine.

Much has been said about the creationists; little about their opponents. Along with apostles of sound thinking—who acknowledge grave difficulties in old-time Darwinism—there are missionaries of scientism, most prominently the American Civil Liberties Union, which represents the legal arm of the culture of apostasy, seeking to crowd religion out of American life by the double strategy of enlarging the public sector and excluding any trace of religion therefrom.

For such people, the teaching of "science" is tendentious, a way of secularizing the total outlook of the populace. Even as it solemnly championed "religious freedom" in Arkansas, the ACLU continued its campaign in Chicago to send Walter Polavchak back to the Soviet Union, where his Baptist convictions will make him an instant candidate for Gulag summer camp—as every Baptist deacon knows.

Will Durant, R I P

William James Durant was the son of French-Canadian Catholic parents who had moved to the pluralistic Northeast, where he found himself divided between the faith of his fathers and the prevailing skepticism of the intellectuals whose life he aspired to share. In his autobiography, *Transition*, he recalled that it was his furtive reading of Spinoza that propelled him out of the seminary and into philosophy. He adopted as his hero Voltaire—"the greatest man who ever lived," he later called him—and affected, through a dozen huge books, an urbane superiority to religion, though he could never quite drop the subject. As he portrayed his own life as a progress from faith to reason, so he saw the march of civilization; yet he angrily pronounced Calvinism "absurd and blasphemous," and his last books express anxious disappointment: civilization had failed to maintain the tone of sunny rationality promised by the Enlightenment. Meanwhile, his volumes became book-club sta-



Behrendt, *Het Parool* Rothco

Back in the row . . .

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ples, for thousands of self-made intellectuals a stylish entrée to the life of the mind. Academic scorn of his work, though not wholly unmerited, was unjust to his unfailing energy and wit and seriously underestimated his influence.

Dying, he was never told that his wife had died before him; and at 96 he followed the example of Voltaire, and confessed his sins to a priest.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I'm just taking a moment from writing my term paper for the class "Our Home in the Universe" taught by Dr. Thomas Gold at Cornell University.

Dr. Gold is the one who predicted that there would be dust on the moon. Next to Carl Sagan, he's the BMOC for NASA at Cornell, and all semester he has entertained us with lovely photos taken from *Voyager*.

The end-of-the-term assignment? Either a five-page research paper on some Gordian of our galaxy, or a two-page letter to our senator on why the government should continue, if not increase, federal spending for the Space Program.

Do you know of any good articles on Pluto?

Fred Foote
Senior, Cornell University
Ithaca, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Foote: Unhappily, Walt Disney took them with him, but perhaps Dr. Gold can catch up? Mr. Disney's speed toward the moon will be hindered by all that dust. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Bill:

On Thursday night, December 3, the Nicaraguan Foreign Minister was interviewed on ABC's *Nightline*. To the relief of us all, he promised that Nicaragua did not intend to invade the United States. I'm sure we will all sleep better knowing this. Cordially,

Tony Patterson
Augusta, Ga.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

My seven-year-old grandson just telephoned Grandma (long-distance collect from Ohio) and informed her that he no longer believed in the Tooth Fairy because nobody would be dumb enough to pay money for useless worn-out teeth. He also told "Nanny" that he doesn't believe there are elves helping Santa Claus make toys because, when he gets Christmas presents, they are all packaged exactly as he sees them advertised on television: therefore Santa must just buy the gifts for good little boys and girls.

So he still believes in Santa Claus.

My problem, Mr. Buckley, is this: Do you believe there might be a dangerous possibility that in the year 2102 or so my grandson could replace Tip O'Neill as Democratic Speaker of the House? Respectfully,

Charles A. Harlan
Inglis, Fla.

Dear Mr. Harlan: Your grandson's problem is that he is precocious. Cordially, WFB

■ Memo to: WFB
From: Kevin
Re: Did you see this beauty, from *The Newsletter Editor's Desk Book*?

Note on the Use of the Masculine Third Person Singular Pronoun

The writers of *The Newsletter Editor's Desk Book* have used "he" throughout the text to reference the editor or writer. We realize many editors are she's. One of our best editors is a she.

We tried s/he. S/he was appealing for a while, but when s/he began to crop up on the page repeatedly, s/he began to look contrived and silly.

So we have used "he." We do not ask forgiveness from those who will be offended. We suspect they will be unforgiving.

We ask understanding, however, from our fellow editors/writers who concur that these are hard times for grammar and hard times for good sense. We are doing what we think is the best for both.

■ To whom it may concern:

Gentlemen and gentlewomen,

Enclosed is my check to renew my subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW. In return—in addition to the magazine, of course—I would like a definition of the word "bloviation."

The word appears on page 1297 of your October 30, 1981 edition. It appears in Mr. Buckley's column, entitled "Father Healy's Blast." To quote: "or else finds thoughts so inhibiting that he is given rather to bloviation."

I have overlooked Mr. Buckley's past sesquipedalian verbosity since I presume we are both generally on the same side, but it is going too far when he starts coining his own words. I don't find "bloviation" in my dictionary (Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary). Please advise. Best regards,

Emmons S. Smith
Evansville, Ind.

Dear Mr. Smith: Try Webster's 3rd, p. 239. Cordially,
—WFB

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FROM
Washington

JOHN McLAUGHLIN
Straight

Reagan/Bush, 1984

RONALD REAGAN is slowly coming around to Dwight Eisenhower's view that to get anything accomplished as President you need eight years. If this was true for Ike with his measured programs, it is *a fortiori* true for Reagan with his massive, elemental redirections of public policy now set in motion at Treasury/OMB, Justice, Interior, and, by fits and starts, State. Such revolutions require a true believer at the top to keep the waters pure, to stay the course, and to drive deeper and further.

Alas, the single true believer on the White House scene these days appears to be Ronald Reagan himself, as has been shockingly revealed by the efforts of Reagan's chief lieutenants (notably troika counselor James Baker and communications chief David Gergen) to undercut the President's no-increase-in-taxes policy.

Before the holidays, Reagan's view of a second term was, We'll cross that bridge when we come to it. After the holidays it was, happily, My revolutions need me. So goes Washington street talk. Ergo, the matter arises, early but necessarily, of a running-mate, since the Vice President in the current circumstance is more than that: he is also an apprentice. After all, conservatives rightly want the Reagan revolutions of today to become the dull conventions of tomorrow.

Heavy and Right

One of the remarkable phenomena of the Reagan Administration is the change in conservatives' perception of George Bush. When Reagan chose his leading opponent in the primaries to join him on the ticket, many conservatives winced. They looked on Bush as light and Left. Instead, he is turning out heavy and Right. Lampooned by some hard-liners as an arch-preppie Eastern Seaboard centrist, Bush is bringing to the Vice Presidency a record of quiet, substantive achievement which has led many conservative loyalists to begin thinking of him not only as Reagan's '84 running-mate, but as an agreeable alternative should the President decide to serve only one term.

At the time of the assassination attempt on President Reagan, and during its aftermath, Bush's utterances and deportment were letter-perfect. Likewise during the Haig turf battles: Bush moved to the rear and let the flak whistle past. He keeps his own counsel at Cabinet meetings, correctly believing that an open show of opinion by him might short-circuit discussion, prejudice decisions, or be leaked for sensationalized renditions of, "The Vice President is known to differ from the President on such grave issues as . . ." He saves his counsel for private transmission to the President, either at their weekly luncheons or at spontaneous Oval Office visits. Bush also attends *ad libitum* (Bush's *libitum*) those presidential meetings that deal with foreign policy and national security, at which his previous incarnations as UN ambassador and CIA director serve him in good stead.

The Vice President's platform rhetoric is so much of a piece with the President's as to make Bush sound like the real conservative article. Not just the GOP stemwinders in the 31 states that Bush has circuited, helping raise $3 million for election campaigns, but the issues speeches in the eight foreign nations that he has visited, including his passionate support for that favorite concept of the conservatives, Radio Martí, the new transmitter named after José Martí, the father of Cuban independence, that will begin broadcasting to Cuba as soon as White House personnel stop contemplating their navels and appoint a board to oversee Martí's operation.

Bush heads up a task force to reduce excessive federal regulations. In nine months, Bush and company have cut federal regs by almost—get this—one-half. More important, he has put such high-powered floodlights on the President's cost/benefit philosophy as to force Cabinet officers and their bureaucrats to view regs not in isolation, but in context, i.e., through a cost/benefit lens. Bush is now working to get the cost/benefit concept cemented into law by Congress. Be assured that none of this hurts him with D.C. conservatives.

Additionally, the Vice President chairs the crisis-management team (which tells you something about the President's confidence in him), publicly supports the sale of sophisticated warplanes to Taiwan (not unhelpful from a former U.S. envoy to Peking), publicly supports Reagan's no-increase-in-taxes policy—notwithstanding Baker and Gergen, who, in undercutting the President's economics, are also politically undercutting Bush, since Baker was his campaign manager and Gergen his issues advisor, thus making it easy for unconverted (to Bush) conservatives to lump all three together. Finally, with the President, Bush has exhibited political bravery above and beyond the call of duty in publicly supporting (even as late as last month) the need to review the broad field of entitlements: Social Security, Medicare, federal employee retirement, unemployment insurance, food stamps.

Take Your Pick

Three explanations of the "change" in George Bush are going the rounds: 1) *No change.* Bush is a trimmer, and these conservative shows on his part are precisely that, shows—an act. This is not character defamation. George is doing exactly what any ambitious junior executive would do to please his CEO. He wants to be President, and the best way to become President is to stay out of trouble and appear supportive of the boss. 2) *Yes, a change.* We are witnessing the righting of George Bush—a bona-fide political progression from an earlier leftish Bush to a transformed conservative Bush. 3) *No change in Bush; a change in us.* George Bush is now surfacing where his roots have always been. During the artificial atmosphere of the campaign, Bush had to try to differentiate himself from Ronald Reagan. "Different from Reagan" translated as "to the left of Reagan."

Take your pick. But we are agreed, are we not, that at a minimum G. Bush has advanced a long way in conservative esteem during the last year. □

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MIRVed Allies

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

POLITICALLY SPEAKING, our Alliance reminds me increasingly of those ominously named Multiple Independently Targeted Re-entry Vehicles so beloved of the military strategists. Alternatively, unguided missiles would do as a metaphor. At all events, it is both clear and lamentable that America's European allies are not firing at the same targets as the United States; nor are all the Europeans necessarily firing at the same targets.

The confusion of purpose and objectives is appalling, the more so against the backdrop of momentous events in Poland. The French, for instance, chose the precise moment when President Reagan, threatened by a Libyan hit team, was announcing stern measures against Colonel Qaddafi's regime, to let it be known that *they* would be seeking closer relations with Tripoli. Helpfully, the British Foreign Office said it would not be associating itself with any U.S. measures against the mad colonel.

Suddenly, the chancelleries started whispering that Qaddafi had seen the error of his ways and seemed to have given up terrorism, and the support of it, as an instrument of policy. For my part, I see no evidence for this rosy picture, and if indeed Qaddafi is slowing down his international operations, it could, just, be connected with the fact that oil revenues have dropped catastrophically these past few months.

The Detente Card

Greece's Socialist leader Andreas Papandreou was odd man out at NATO's Defense Planning Committee early in December. He seemed to see NATO as Greece's bulwark against its fellow member, Turkey, rather than as a counter to Soviet aggression.

Then there are the other disagreements: over El Salvador (with the French, and Mexicans, cocking a snook at the Americans, and other Europeans at most lukewarm in the face of powerful evidence that the "resistance" is master-minded from Moscow via Havana); and over Namibia (with the Europeans blind to the legitimate security needs of South Africa, which Reagan, unlike his predecessor, does recognize).

It is worth recalling the origins of the current disunity and speculating upon where it may lead us if it is not repaired. Short of summarizing the history of the Alliance, one has to be arbitrary over the starting point: 1969 will do. That year, Willy Brandt came to power in the German Federal Republic, Richard Nixon took office in the White House, the Russians revived the proposals for a European security pact which they had been peddling on and off since 1954, and the NATO powers dropped hints that they might now be interested in a European Security Conference.

Brandt dropped the late Konrad Adenauer's rigid policy toward the USSR and sought rapprochement with the Eastern bloc through his Ostpolitik. Nixon pulled off the dramatic coup of his trip to Peking and started the negotiations that became SALT I. Although no President since Truman had had as lively a strategic awareness of realities as Nixon, the Watergate affair did, I believe, muddy his perceptions, so that in the end he was making concessions to Brezhnev that should have been avoided.

What happened in the event was a phony package of goods labeled detente, wrapped up in the verbiage of the Final Act of the Helsinki Conference in July 1975. Detente was Moscow's key to massive transfers of Western (and Japanese) technology financed by loans and credits on the cheap. It was also a device to disarm the West psychologically and physically.

Jimmy Carter was the ideal President of detente, ever ready to oblige with unilateral concessions (as over the neutron bomb, the B-1 bomber, and the range of the cruise missiles). Mightily encouraged, the Soviets moved into South Yemen and Ethiopia and organized the biggest airlift in history to transport Cubans to Angola and other parts of Africa. The entire ex-Portuguese empire in that continent fell into Soviet hands. Then came Afghanistan, and Carter belatedly awoke to the damage.

The trouble now is that the West Europeans (with the French, as usual, a special case) are still hopelessly stuck in the mythology of detente. It is an acute case of post-Carterian symptomology, uncured and inadequately responsive to treatment.

While the disease runs its course, it is in order to make tough speeches about Afghanistan, but bad form to cancel transfers of technology which feed the Soviet war machine. The great wave of pacifism and neutralism in Western Europe, stimulated and fed by the Soviet propaganda machine, would never have reached its present insane level without the years of West European and North American platitudes about detente.

Meanwhile, the interests of peace are thought to be served by negotiated surrenders of vital territory, such as Zimbabwe, and (to come) Namibia and Palestine. As for Afghanistan, the Europeans condemn the Soviet occupation but offer the Soviets an absurd conference—an offer which Brezhnev treats with the contempt it deserves.

Bite by Bite

Where does it all lead? Let us imagine that Lord Carrington and the EEC foreign ministers have their own way. The prospects would be dismal and dangerous.

Take Palestine. The specific EEC "initiative"—the brainchild of ex-President Giscard d'Estaing or of Lord Carrington, depending on the source—if implemented would create a new Soviet remote-control satellite in the state of Palestine. Israel would find itself with shrunken and indefensible frontiers, its security "guaranteed," if the word fits, by the PLO's recognition of Israel's existence. The Soviets would gain a permanent subversive bridgehead in the area, and the integrity of Saudi Arabia and Jordan would be at risk.

The professional diplomats, bent as always on securing an agreement—*any* agreement—have been telling us that we'd better hurry up and cut the PLO in on any deal, or (wait for it) we shall drive them into Moscow's arms (where they have been for the past seven years).

Never mind: what "worked" in Zimbabwe is going to work in Palestine, and again in Namibia, where (we are told) we'd better hurry or SWAPO (you've guessed it) will fall into Moscow's arms (where it has long lain). For my part, I don't like this future world in the EEC's image. □

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THE MYTH OF SEPARATION

Understanding The First Amendment

ROBERT L. CORD

"THE FIRST AMENDMENT has erected a wall between Church and State. That wall must be kept high and impregnable. We could not approve the slightest breach." With those lines of fiction, written over three decades ago, Justice Hugo Black ended the first United States Supreme Court opinion which dealt comprehensively with the meaning of the constitutional concept of separation of Church and State. Certainly the Framers of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights believed in the principle of Church-State separation and quickly added it to the organic law of the infant United States of America in 1791. However, those who authored and ratified that constitutional principle were not thereby mandating a complete legal secularization of the American Republic; far from it. In matters of faith, the Founding Fathers, and the American public they represented, are best described by U.S. Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas's characterization of 1952: "We are a religious people whose institutions presuppose a Supreme Being."

If the foregoing be true, what were the goals of Madison, Jefferson, and the other advocates of a federal constitutional separation of Church and State? Further, what evidence do we have as to their constitutional intentions? The United States Supreme Court, and recognized scholars who have written in the field of Church-State separation, traditionally have looked to American history to answer these inquiries; consequently, so shall I. Our conclusions, however, are vastly dissimilar.

The First Amendment phrase that guarantees the American constitutional doctrine of separation of Church and State is contained in the opening words of the Bill of Rights: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion . . . ." The "Establishment Clause," as it is commonly referred to by students of constitutional law, although addressed to the Congress, has by the U.S. Supreme Court been made binding on the states through the Fourteenth Amendment. Consequently, today, neither Congress, a state legislature, nor any creation of a state legislature—such as a school board or municipality—may constitutionally make any laws "respecting an establishment of religion." But what is "an establishment of religion" within the meaning of the First Amendment? Let American history guide us.

James Madison introduced the Bill of Rights in the First Congress (1789) in part because many of the State Ratifying Conventions wanted more limitations placed on the authority of the Federal Government than existed in the original Constitution drawn up in the Philadelphia Convention. Madison's first draft of what ultimately became the Establishment Clause shows his intent clearly: ". . . The Civil rights of none shall be abridged on account of religious belief or worship, *nor shall any national religion be established. . . .*" (Emphasis added.) Even after Madison's draft was changed by congressional committee deliberations, when asked in debate on the House floor what the re-worded Clause meant, Madison said he "apprehended the meaning of the words to be, that Congress should not establish a religion, and enforce the legal observation of it by law. . . ."

Careful historical research supports Madison's opinion. When the words and actions of the early Congresses and Presidents of the United States are viewed in their proper historical context it becomes clear that the First Amendment's Establishment Clause was designed by its Framers to *prevent the establishment of a national religion or the placing of any one religious sect, denomination, or tradition into a preferred legal status which characterized religious establishments.* Despite the fact that in 1947 the United States Supreme Court ruled that "the First Amendment has erected a wall between Church and State," which the Court characterized as "high and impregnable," American history shows otherwise. A careful, and not an extremely selective, search of American primary historical documents indicates, beyond a reasonable doubt, that in fact no "high and impregnable" wall between Church and State was historically erected by the First Amendment; and for a very simple

Mr. Cord is a professor of political science at Northeastern University in Boston. His book, Separation of Church and State: Historical Fact and Current Fiction, *is soon to be published by Lambeth Press.*

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reason—none was constitutionally intended by the Framers of that Amendment or the states which ratified it. There should be no amazement then that the First Congress, which wrote what became the First Amendment, also continued certain religious practices in our national life.

After a 37 to 14 vote to recommend what is now the First Amendment to the states for ratification, the *Debates in Congress* show that the first House of Representatives—on the very next day—proposed a resolution asking President George Washington to issue a Thanksgiving Day Proclamation. James Madison did not object to the resolution. The first U.S. Senate concurred with the House, and Washington issued his first such proclamation in 1789 specifically mentioning that both Houses of Congress had requested him "to recommend to the people of the United States a day of public thanksgiving and prayer, to be observed by acknowledging with grateful hearts the many and singal [*sic*] favors of Almighty God. . . ." (For those who might argue that the Establishment Clause was not added to the Constitution until 1791—two years after Washington's proclamation—their attention is drawn to Washington's similar proclamation of 1795.)

Unaware that in 1981 the chaplaincies in both the Senate and the House of Representatives would be challenged in federal court as violating the Amendment, which they wrote, the members of the First Congress established the congressional chaplain system. James Madison was one of six members of the joint congressional committee that recommended the system. The committee's proposal was accepted by both Houses of Congress and an annual salary of $500, from federal monies, was paid for public prayers in Congress. The point here is that the authors of the Establishment Clause would find it difficult to relate to the idea suggested by the title of an article in the August 1981 *Harvard Educational Review*: "Church and State: Separation or Accommodation?" To those who wrote the First Amendment, separation of Church and State did not preclude accommodation of religion. In fact for them separation of Church and State did not even preclude collaboration with religion as long as none was given a privileged status. Their recorded actions in the First Congress show conclusively that they saw no incongruity between the First Amendment and some federally funded religious activities.

The Supreme Court's decisions in Church-State cases have, for the most part, been founded on a simplistic and largely fictionalized version of American history. In *Everson* v. *Board of Education*, 330 U.S. 1 (1947), the Court's opinion, written by Justice Hugo Black, misrepresents the Church-State intentions of Madison, Jefferson, and the Virginia legislature—which disestablished the Anglican Church in 1786—and ignores those of the First Amendment's Framers in the First Congress. Although the Amendment was added to the Constitution in 1791, it was not until the *Everson* case in 1947 that the Supreme Court comprehensively defined what the Establishment Clause constitutionally prohibited. At immediate issue in the case was whether it was constitutional for the local school board to reimburse public bus fare costs to parents who chose to send their children to Catholic parochial schools instead of public schools in the district. Although a closely divided Supreme Court (5 to 4) held the transportation reimbursement program constitutional, as aid to the parochial-school students and not to their schools, an extremely broad definition of what the Establishment Clause minimally forbids was advanced:

> The "establishment of religion" clause of the First Amendment means at least this: Neither a state nor the Federal Government can set up a church. Neither can pass laws which aid one religion, *aid all religions*, or prefer one religion over another. Neither can force or influence a person to go to or remain away from church against his will or force him to profess a belief or disbelief in any religion. No person can be punished for entertaining or professing religious beliefs or disbeliefs, for church attendance or non-attendance. *No tax in any amount, large or small, can be levied to support any religious activities or institutions, whatever they may be called, or whatever form they may adopt to teach or practice religion.* Neither a state nor the Federal Government can, openly or secretly, participate in the affairs of any religious organization or groups and *vice versa*. In the words of Jefferson, the clause against establishment of religion by law was intended to erect "a wall of separation between Church and State." [Emphasis added.]

While the Court was divided about the constitutionality of the transportation aid in the *Everson* case, it was *not* divided about Black's interpretation of the Establishment Clause. The Court's definition in *Everson* has been consistently invoked and appealed to as authoritative in Church-State cases in federal and state courts since 1947. The emphasized section of the quotation, regarding the use of tax money, clearly is not consistent with paid ministers praying in Congress, and yet that is exactly what the Framers of the First Amendment authorized in 1789.

Omitted from all of the* Everson *opinions are any historical facts concerning Madison and Jefferson that run counter to the 'high and impregnable wall' theory

Additionally, while there is almost no historical justification for the comment by Black that "aid [to] all religions" would violate the Establishment Clause, there exists an abundance of evidence that this was not the view of early American Presidents and Congresses. In 1803, President Thomas Jefferson asked Congress to act "in their legislative capacity" to implement a treaty which he, and the U.S. Senate, concluded with the Kaskaskia Indians that same year. Jefferson's treaty, among other things, promised those Indians that the United States would provide, for seven years, a sum of money for the support of their Catholic priest and $300 to assist in the building of a church. When Congress appropriated the money Jefferson needed to implement those treaty provisions, didn't they violate the Establishment Clause according to Justice Black and subsequent

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Supreme Court rulings since 1947? Which interpretation of Church-State separation should stand: Jefferson's or Black's?

But Jefferson was not alone in church-building through treaty. Presidents James Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Andrew Jackson, and his successor, Martin Van Buren, all emulated Jefferson in committing federal tax money to build churches through treaty agreements. There was no attempt in the *Everson* opinions—either the majority or the dissenting opinions—to explain or even address these indisputable facts which make the Court's definition of the Establishment Clause historically untenable unless, of course, Jefferson et al. did not know what separation of Church and State meant or willfully violated the First Amendment and their constitutional oath of office.

The fictional version of Church-State separation in American history, endorsed in the *Everson* case, is also derived from the careful selection and explanation of historical documents which predate the Constitution. All the opinions in the *Everson* case make much of Madison and Jefferson's struggle to disestablish the Anglican Church in Virginia. Madison's well-known opposition to a state tax to support teachers of the Christian religion is discussed, as is Jefferson's famous Virginia "Bill for Establishing Religious Freedom." It is within this context that the Supreme Court's opinion indicates: "The First Amendment has erected a wall between Church and State. That wall must be kept high and impregnable." Omitted from all of the *Everson* opinions are any historical facts concerning Madison and Jefferson in Virginia that would run counter to the "high and impregnable wall" theory.

Madison's "Memorial and Remonstrance against Religious Assessments" (1785) was an argument against a discriminatory policy of supporting, with tax money, only one religion. It is not a brief for absolute separation of Church and State. Further, while mentioning Jefferson's "Religious Liberty Bill," proposed by Madison acting as Jefferson's surrogate in the Virginia Assembly in 1785 (Jefferson was U.S. Minister to France at the time), the Court makes no mention of another Jefferson bill also introduced by Madison the same day. This other bill, unmentioned by the Court, was a "Bill for Punishing . . . Sabbath Breakers." Both Jefferson bills became Virginia law in 1786. Do these laws taken together indicate that Madison and Jefferson subscribed to an "impregnable" wall between Church and State?*

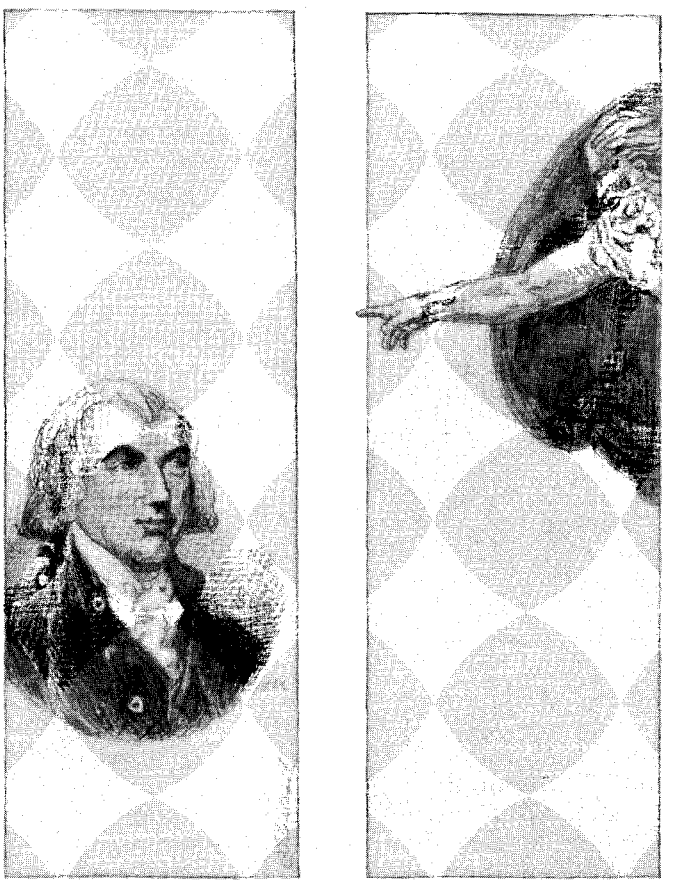
If the Court's precedent-setting case (*Everson*) is based on an erroneous assumption, advanced almost 35 years ago —to wit: that the Establishment Clause erected a "high and impregnable" wall between Church and State—then all the subsequent court decisions, federal and state, built upon the *Everson* case are logically questionable. This would not be the case, of course, if the Court explained the incompatibility of its "history" and American historical fact.

The U.S. Supreme Court's failure to decide Church-State cases adequately goes beyond misinterpretation of the original understanding of the First Amendment. With its expansive interpretation of what the Establishment Clause makes unconstitutional, the Court has created confusion with its Church-State decisions. Bus transportation for parochial-school students is constitutional but state money for field trips for those students is not. Relatively nonspecific grants to sectarian institutions of higher education are constitutional but similar grants to elementary and secondary schools are not. Textbooks for secular subjects may be purchased for parochial-school students with tax money but a motion-picture projector may not. Tax exemption of churches and church schools is constitutional but tuition tax credits for parents who send their children to those schools are not.

In an attempt to reduce this confusion about what is and what is not a statute impermissibly violating the constitutional separation of Church and State, Chief Justice Burger, in a 1971 opinion of the Court (*Lemon* v. *Kurtzman*, 403 U.S. 602 [1971]), spelled out the Court's collective criteria in a three-stage test of constitutionality.

> Every analysis in this area [Church-State cases] must begin with consideration of the cumulative criteria developed by the Court over many years. Three such tests may be gleaned from our cases. First, the statute must have a secular legislative purpose; second, its principal or primary effect must be one that neither advances nor inhibits religion . . . finally, the statute must not foster an "excessive government entanglement with religion."

It seems somewhat remarkable that Burger could see or impose any order on the Court's doings in Establishment Clause cases. Consider: In 1971 six members of the Court embraced the three-stage test. In 1975, Justices Brennan, Douglas, and Marshall thought it insufficient and urged a fourth criterion be added. A year later, Justices White and Rehnquist also attacked the test, but, instead of wanting additional criteria, they wanted the three-stage test reduced to two because they thought one level of the test was "su-



*Space here precludes further rebuttal to the Court's assumptions about, and definition of, the Establishment Clause; but my book, *Separation of Church and State: Historical Fact and Current Fiction* (New York: Lambeth Press, 1982), documents extensively the Court's "history by omission."

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perfluous." Thus, the three-stage test, subscribed to by six members of the Court in 1971, failed to command even a majority of the Court only five years later. In 1976 no comprehensive judicial test of constitutionality was embraced in Church-State cases by a sufficient number of Supreme Court Justices to constitute an opinion of the Court.

In 1980, Justices White and Rehnquist re-embraced the three-stage test, enabling Justice White to write the opinion of a divided Court (5 to 4). Candidly, he wrote of the Court's predicament at the end of his opinion:

> Establishment Clause cases are not easy; they stir deep feelings; and we are divided among ourselves, perhaps reflecting the different views on this subject of the people of this country. . . . This course sacrifices clarity and predictability for flexibility but this promises to be the case until the interaction between the courts and the states . . . produces a single, more encompassing construction of the Establishment Clause.

As the highest appellate court on federal constitutional questions for one federal and fifty state court systems, the U.S. Supreme Court has, even by its own admission, failed to provide relatively clear standards as to what the First and Fourteenth Amendments demand in the area of Church-State separation. This failure of the High Court does not serve well a judicial system built upon previous decisions. Lower courts cannot dispose of cases with a sufficient degree of finality unless there are relatively fixed precedents and principles provided by the Supreme Court.

Many contemporary scholars who write authoritatively about separation of Church and State disagree with the narrow interpretation of the Establishment Clause embraced here and which I believe my research substantiates as the original understanding of the Clause. (The narrow interpretation briefly documented here is that separation of Church and State as a constitutional concept forbids only the preferential treatment of any one religion, religious sect, or religious tradition and prohibits the establishment of a national or state religion.) Under this interpretation, nondiscriminatory aid to religion is not necessarily unconstitutional. Since the narrow interpretation of the Establishment Clause is at odds with the basic principle of the broad interpretation, which is subscription to virtually complete Church-State separation or independence, the two views are incompatible.

The broad interpretation of Church-State separation is almost always defended by scholars, as by the Supreme Court, with appeals to American history. Such is the case in the most recent (third) edition of *The American Constitution* by C. Herman Pritchett, a much respected authority in the field of American constitutional law. While I have assigned this generally excellent secondary source book to my graduate and undergraduate students, parts of the section on the Establishment Clause are misleading.

Explaining the distinction between the narrow and broad interpretations of the Establishment Clause, Pritchett devotes almost no space to the historical arguments for the narrow interpretation but proceeds at length to present several historical arguments for the broad interpretation. It is with this explanation of the broad interpretation that the damage is done. "During their terms as President . . . both Jefferson and Madison took very strict positions on establishment," Pritchett writes. "Both believed that presidential proclamations of Thanksgiving Day were contrary to the Constitution. They also regarded as unconstitutional," Pritchett continues, "tax exemption for churches . . . ." What is clearly not mentioned is that James Madison as President issued at least four Thanksgiving Day Proclamations and

The current interpretation of the Establishment Clause has, in part, aided the transformation from government by elected and accountable representatives to government by judiciary

that President Thomas Jefferson in 1802 signed into law a bill providing, among other things, for church tax exemption in Alexandria County. Did both these men as President violate their understanding of what the Constitution required as separation of Church and State?

While Pritchett's statement may be in its context only misleading, it was relied upon to produce a statement which is basically erroneous. Footnoting Pritchett, the encyclopedic *Guide to the U.S. Supreme Court* (published by *Congressional Quarterly* in 1979) in its opening discussion of the "Establishment of Religion" provides the following paragraph:

> The two men most responsible for its [the Establishment Clause's] inclusion in the Bill of Rights construed the clause *absolutely*. Thomas Jefferson and James Madison thought that the prohibition of establishment meant that a presidential proclamation of Thanksgiving Day was just as improper as a tax exemption for churches. [Emphasis added.]

Neither Jefferson nor Madison construed the Establishment Clause absolutely and only Jefferson, *when President*, believed that presidential Thanksgiving Day proclamations were unconstitutional. Inasmuch as I assume that whoever wrote this paragraph for the *Guide* did not intend to deceive, I must conclude that the author did not check primary historical sources. Nevertheless, this section of the *Guide* will be read by many who will, no doubt, consider it to be both authoritative and correct.

Perhaps the most prominent contemporary Church-State scholar and legal activist who embraces the broad interpretation of the Establishment Clause is Professor Leo Pfeffer. An attorney as well as a teacher and author in the field of American constitutional law, Pfeffer has argued and/or written amicus briefs in over one-half of the Establishment Clause cases decided by the U.S. Supreme Court. Probably his most important scholarly contribution to the Church-State separation debate is *Church, State, and Freedom*, first published in 1953 and revised in 1967. While much of Pfeffer's research appears sound, the two most important chapters of this book—"The Principle [of Church-State separation] Is Born" and "The Meaning of the Principle"—contain some clear historical errors regarding separa-

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tion of Church and State in the United States. Worse still is that Pfeffer draws some major conclusions from statements which are factually erroneous. One of the most glaring examples of this is Pfeffer's conclusion to the chapter "The Principle Is Born."

After a brief discussion of Madison's proposed Amendments to the Constitution, which were ultimately fashioned into our Bill of Rights and submitted to the states for ratification by the First Congress, Pfeffer closes the chapter as follows:

> The Bill of Rights, approved by the requisite number of states in 1791, began with a guaranty of religious freedom. . . .
>
> What . . . is particularly significant to our study is that the last words of the last article of the Constitution (except for the purely formal article specifying when the Constitution should become effective) prohibit any religious test "as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States," and the first words of the first article of the Bill of Rights prohibit "any law respecting an establishment of religion." *The significance of this ending and beginning is more than symbolic; it indicates unmistakably that in the minds of the fathers of our Constitution,* independence of religion and government was the alpha and omega of democracy and freedom. [Emphasis added.]

Despite this statement of Professor Pfeffer's, quoted above, it is historically clear that the Framers of the Bill of Rights —including James Madison—*did not intend* that what is now the First Amendment should be the first addition to the federal Constitution. When Madison introduced his proposed additions to the Constitution on June 8, 1789, he wanted the religious guarantees to be added to Article I, Section 9 of the body of the original Constitution. Of course, the religious guarantees do not appear in Article I, Section 9, but that isn't Madison's doing. The point here is that if Madison's suggested positioning for the additional religious guarantees in the Constitution had been accepted, Pfeffer would be not only without his symbolism, but also without his unmistakable reading of the minds of the "Fathers of the Constitution."

Lest it be counterargued that Madison's positioning suggestion was rejected by the First Congress because it wanted to do exactly as Pfeffer has indicated, it should be noted that when the additions that became the Bill of Rights were submitted to the states, what is now the First Amendment was the *third* proposed congressional amendment. When the first two proposed amendments failed to gain ratification, the third proposed amendment became the first ratified and, as such, became the First Amendment to the Constitution. Consequently, unless the members of the First Congress were clairvoyant and knew that the first two proposed amendments would not be ratified, they could not have known that the third proposed amendment would become the First Amendment. However, if it was intended that the First Amendment's being first in the Bill of Rights should serve as a key to the minds of the "fathers," as Professor Pfeffer has written, why didn't the "fathers" of the Bill of Rights simply put the First Amendment first on the list of the 12 proposed amendments?

MANDATE FOR LEADERSHIP

THE FIRST YEAR

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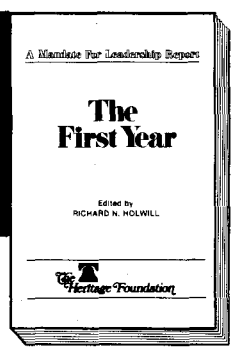

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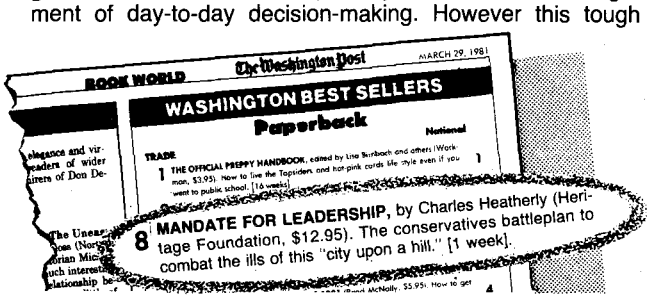
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Other statements made in *Church, State, and Freedom* are not easily reconciled with historical fact. Pfeffer writes of Jefferson: "Throughout his adult life Jefferson *never* swerved from his devotion to the principle of *complete* independence of religion and government." (Emphasis added.) Does Jefferson's church-building treaty reflect the principle of "complete independence of religion and government"? Pfeffer's book, and his selective documentation of Jefferson, do not seem to address that question, or the request by Jefferson that Congress meet its responsibilities under the treaty, which I take to include appropriating funds to help build a church and support a Roman Catholic priest.

The national organization Americans United for Separation of Church and State may, in their monthly periodical *Church and State*, choose to refer to Professor Pfeffer as "the country's leading legal expert on Church-State questions," but my research and book clearly document questionable conclusions in his major work on separation of Church and State. Unfortunately, some of these conclusions, which are, in my judgment, incompatible with a broader look at American primary historical documents, have been embraced by other scholars and by some of our nation's most important jurists.

During recent decades there has been a continuing tendency to redefine what were once considered political public-policy questions as judicial questions. As the call for resolution in the courtroom has increased, the power of elected government has decreased. The current over-broad interpretation of the Establishment Clause has, in part, aided the transformation from government by elected and accountable representatives to government by judiciary. A clear case in point is the current battle over legislation offered by Senators Packwood (R., Ore.) and Moynihan (D., N.Y.) to provide some kind of federal tax assistance to parents who send their children to elementary and secondary private schools, most of which are church-affiliated.

In 1973 (*Committee for Public Education and Religious Liberty* [*PEARL*] v. *Nyquist*), the U.S. Supreme Court held unconstitutional a New York tax-assistance bill which was similar, in part, to the Packwood-Moynihan bill. The inevitable effect of the New York legislation, the Court reasoned, would be to advance the religious mission of sectarian schools. According to *Church and State*, Leo Pfeffer, who successfully argued the *Nyquist* case before the Supreme Court in 1973, testified in May 1981 against the Packwood-Moynihan plan, indicating, among other things, that it would violate the First Amendment. The original understanding of the Establishment Clause does not generally support Pfeffer or the Supreme Court because it does not preclude federal aid (or state aid) to sectarian schools. Instead, primary historical documents show that on many occasions religious sects, and especially their schools, were used as sectarian means to accomplish federal governmental ends until the close of the nineteenth century.

Washington, John Adams, and Thomas Jefferson, as President, signed federal legislation which in effect purchased —with large grants of federal land put in a controlling trust —the services of an evangelical order to settle in Western U.S. lands to aid and teach the Christian and other Indians in the area. No doubt those federal laws were, in part, early manifestations of the U.S. policy of "civilizing the Indians." That policy was implemented, to a great degree, by federally controlled financing of Christian missionary schools of various denominations and sects until the use of sectarian schools was discontinued by an Act of Congress in 1897.

Did Washington, Adams, Jefferson, their Congresses, and their successors in the federal executive and legislative branches all betray the First Amendment until 1897? Certainly not. Since the Framers of the First Amendment saw the Establishment Clause as basically precluding federal religious partisanship, non-partisan use of religious schools to pursue the secular end of "civilizing the Indians" was constitutional. The use of these schools was apparently thought to be wise public policy until almost a century after the First Amendment was added to the Constitution. Can anyone seriously pretend that these schools did not advance their religious mission as they taught Indian children?

The point here is that those who appeal to the First Amendment to foreclose the Packwood-Moynihan bill, or state variations, from becoming practiced law do not have American history, the Framers of the Establishment Clause, or even Thomas Jefferson on their side.

Beginning in 1947, the U.S. Supreme Court, by judicial fiat, has created its own version of separation of Church and State. It has sought to justify its interpretation of that constitutional concept with little more than poor scholarship and judicial say-so. Unfortunately, in the process the Court has dealt a grievous blow to democratic decision-making. The religiously non-sectarian Packwood-Moynihan bill ought to be voted up or down on its merits. The documentation in my forthcoming book is convincing evidence that it would not violate the First Amendment. □

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NOFZIGER

The Bear That Walks Like a Conservative

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

IN THOSE ghastly hours immediately after the shooting of President Reagan last March 30, presidential press secretary James Brady lay near death at the George Washington University Hospital with a bullet in his brain. Accordingly, the vital job of keeping the media informed of developments fell on the unready shoulders of Larry Speakes, deputy press secretary to the President.

Secretary of State Haig, watching Speakes on a television set in the Situation Room in the White House basement, noted the reporters' increasingly suspicious and peremptory tone and Speakes's futile efforts to placate them, and dashed upstairs to make a cameo appearance himself. Unfortunately Haig's effort at reassurance merely made matters worse: his own face glistened with sweat; his delivery was forgivably jerky; and above all his assertions of authority sounded to suspicious listeners (who remembered Haig's service in the Nixon White House) like a raw—and unconstitutional—grab for power.

Meanwhile, a few blocks west, in a college auditorium near the hospital, a rumpled bear of a man with a beer belly and the pointed black beard and bushy mustache of a seventeenth century pirate arbitrarily strode to a lectern and proceeded to relay bulletins from the hospital itself to representatives of the media who happened to be in the vicinity. If anybody wanted to be a stickler for authority or lines of command, this man had far less of either going for him than Alexander Haig. Yet the reporters listened to his gruff statements quietly, asked additional questions with confidence and respect, and noted with gratification his assertion that his next briefing would be given in the auditorium of the Old Executive Office Building next door to the White House, "because it's bigger." The Administration, plainly, had nothing to hide and all would be well, at least from the standpoint of a full and candid transmission of the facts. Ol' Lyn was back on the job.

"Ol' Lyn" was Franklyn C. Nofziger, and his technical title was (and still is) Assistant to the President of the United States for Political Affairs. He had, however, been press secretary to Ronald Reagan off and on over the years ever since 1966, and more particularly during the presidential campaign of 1980, and the media had grown to know and like him. Certainly on March 30 they felt far more secure under Nofziger's guidance than under that of the relatively unknown Speakes, let alone Haig.

That this should be so is a personal tribute to Nofziger, though it goes only part way toward explaining why there will be a lonely place against the sky when he retires from his post as a presidential assistant on January 22, 1982.

In politics and political management, where colorful figures notoriously abound, Nofziger makes most of his rivals pale to an insipid grey in comparison. Bald on top, he has a fringe of hair at first reminiscent of a monkish tonsure—an impression promptly belied, however, by that villainous mustache and beard. His necktie is not usually loosened; it is *always* loosened. There are, moreover, good friends of Nofziger's who claim, implausibly, never to have seen him with a jacket on. (Another, who recently had that rare privilege, almost failed to recognize him.) His dimensions are on the Tony Galento order, and a cigar completes the picture: this is the politician's politician. In comparison, the late Mayor Daley of Chicago looked positively suave.

Nofziger is too important a figure in recent political history, however, to be summed up by a physical description or pegged simply as a politician's press secretary—even Ronald Reagan's press secretary. Early in his association with Reagan, Nofziger became one of his key political advisors—in a sense, even his tutor. "Back there when Reagan first became governor," Nofziger chuckles today, "I had to rid him of four basic misconceptions: that right will always triumph in the end; that there is such a thing as a presidential draft; that the cavalry will arrive at the last minute and save the day; and that God cares who is President of the United States."

True Believer

As the above list suggests, Nofziger's wit is mordant and his politics are of the clear-eyed variety, refreshingly free of illusions. Happily, though, he has somehow always avoided stepping over the narrow line to cynicism. On the contrary, in a gubernatorial and presidential entourage that many politicians have faulted as self-destructively idealistic, Lyn Nofziger has earned a reputation as one of the truest True Believers of them all—a dyed-in-the-wool conservative, taciturn but dedicated.

Certainly that has been his role—and to many conservatives his crowning glory—in his present job. Despite the imposing title, it is outranked by the Big Three of the current White House staff (Meese, Baker, and Deaver), and there have been limits to what Nofziger has been able to accomplish. But, rightly or wrongly, conservative activists who were distinctly unhappy with what they perceived as the general blandness of Reagan's early Cabinet-level choices credit Nofziger with having orchestrated the protests, from the old California "kitchen cabinet" and other sources, that caught Reagan's attention in Jan-

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uary and resulted, during February, in the designation of a much tougher series of second-echelon appointments.

Since then, moreover, Nofziger has been unfailingly available, and wherever possible helpful, to conservative leaders: politicians, organizers, and spokesmen alike. With a thoroughness equaled in this Administration only, perhaps, by the President himself, he understands how important the so-called "social conservatives" are to the coalition that put Reagan in the White House.

Fatal Illusion

It is a chronic temptation for orthodox Republican politicians, personally unfamiliar with the concerns of these people, most of whom are ex-Democrats, to imagine fondly that a majority of American voters have at last "come to their senses" and will henceforth vote Republican on the basis of economic issues alone. That fatal illusion kept the GOP out of effective control of the Federal Government for all but two of the 48 years between 1932 and 1980, and it can easily do it for another 48 if the relevant lesson is forgotten.

Nofziger never forgets it. "Nobody," he declares, "ever lost an election because the budget wasn't balanced. Nobody ever lost one because of inflation, unless it was outrageous. Right now, the best issue is crime in the streets."

On the other hand, Nofziger has always avoided letting his conservative convictions sweep him away from the comfortable moorings of the Republican Party into uncharted waters. In 1975, when a number of New Right conservatives, including Richard Viguerie and the author of this article, gave up on the GOP altogether and formed a Committee of Conservative Activists (COCA) to agitate for a brand-new party, Nofziger drily remarked at one conference, "I presume you will be known as the COCAnuts"—a wisecrack that, according to some observers, sank the idea then and there.

Born in 1924, Nofziger rose through the ranks to corporal in the World War II Army, obtained a BA in journalism from San Jose State College in 1950, then served as Washington correspondent for the Copley Newspapers and News Service until 1966. Those 16 years provided the political experience and wisdom he brought to Ronald Reagan when he signed on as the latter's press secretary in 1966. During the Nixon years Nofziger returned to Washington to serve in various capacities (deputy assistant to the President for congressional relations, deputy chairman of the Republican National Committee), but his heart was still with the man back in California: by 1974 he was working in Reagan's 1976 presidential campaign, ultimately becoming its convention director. After Carter's election he stayed with the Reagan operation as executive vice chairman and de facto head of Citizens for the Republic, the political-action committee that succeeded 1976's Citizens for Reagan. By 1979 he was officially on the Reagan 1980 bandwagon as deputy finance chairman of the Reagan for President Committee.

Late in 1979, as a result of various machinations of John Sears, who at the time was managing Reagan's campaign, first Lyn Nofziger and then Mike Deaver were maneuvered out of the campaign altogether—apparently because Sears feared rivals near his throne. When Sears moved against Ed Meese, however, Reagan drew the line: this time it was Sears who went over the side, and by mid-1980 Deaver and Nofziger were both back aboard, the latter as press secretary again. Today Nofziger is reluctant to talk publicly about the episode, saying merely, "Sears didn't like having people around who disagreed with him."

After Reagan was elected in November 1980 Nofziger, whose conservative dislike of the Federal Government very definitely extends to working for it, climbed into a car with his wife, Bonnie, and headed by slow stages for California, planning to earn some real money as a political consultant there. By the time he arrived 12 days later, however, the pleas of Reagan's chief of staff, James Baker, and various of Nofziger's conservative pals had taken their toll. With a sigh, he turned around and went back to Washington. He would sign on, he told Baker, for exactly one year.

As assistant to the President for political affairs, Nofziger has not only kept an eye on presidential appointments—encouraging the designation of qualified conservatives, and warning against any proposed appointees that are offensively liberal—but poked an educated finger into anything that seemed to need political attention: most notably Reagan's budget and tax battles, and various candidacies for important offices around the country. He is also deep in the plot to convert certain incumbent Democratic congressmen into Republicans, and has had two successes already, with several more reportedly gestating in the womb of history.

He is, however, deadly serious about that one-year limit, and, as it approaches, his friends—their pleas firmly rejected—have reluctantly adjusted to the fact that he is indeed leaving. His announced successor in the job, a competent and conservative young man named Ed Rollins who has been serving ably as Nofziger's deputy, will undoubtedly fill his shoes as well as anybody possibly could; but, no question about it, Lyn Nofziger is going to be sorely missed.

Why does he insist so stubbornly on leaving? "I don't like government," Nofziger says bluntly. "I don't take authority or discipline well. I don't"—he laughs at the very idea—"enjoy being 'part of the team.'" Conservatives, and others of independent spirit, may regret his decision but surely they can understand it.

Access

Anyway, this time he isn't going back to California. He will stay in the Washington area, making triple or quadruple his present salary as a political consultant (*not* as a campaign manager, save "for one or two friends"), and doing a little writing. That way, there will be "fewer airplanes to fly," and he will be closer to his grandchildren. Finally, and reassuringly, Nofziger won't be vanishing altogether from the ken of his conservative friends or allies—or from that of Ronald Reagan. "I have always had access to Reagan when I needed it," he says confidently, "and I don't expect to lose it." That, for conservatives, is good news indeed.

One gets the impression that he is really looking forward to it all. One old friend who remembers him from his clean-shaven days only a few years back, recently teased him about all that face fuzz. "On January 22," Nofziger replied, "I'm going to have a big party in here" (waving a paw around his spacious offices in the Old EOB). "About halfway through it, a barber will come in and shave it all off." With those whiskers, as far as Lyn Nofziger is concerned, will go—once and for all—the cares of office. □

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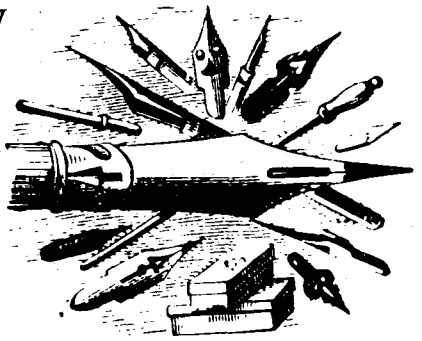
IDEOLOGY III

In Defense of Political Philosophy

A Letter to Walter Berns



HARRY V. JAFFA

IN 1978 I PUBLISHED *How to Think about the American Revolution*, subtitled: "A Bicentennial Cerebration." In it I examined a number of opinions about the Declaration widely thought to be authoritative—particularly in circles called conservative—and subjected them to dialectical commentary. In each case I discovered—or perhaps I should say uncovered—a core of meaning that corresponded to, if it was not identical with, opinions that had been advanced earlier by John C. Calhoun, and that were associated with the historicist and positivist defense of slavery in the antebellum debate.

This was notably true of the two lectures that inaugurated the American Enterprise Institute's Distinguished Lecture Series on the Bicentennial of the United States. The late Professor Martin Diamond maintained that the "sobriety" of the American Revolution consisted primarily and essentially in the fact that it culminated in a Constitution that had received "no guidance" from the Declaration of Independence. Professor Irving Kristol had said substantially the same thing in the opening lecture of the series, in which he hailed the Revolution as "successful" mainly because its leaders ignored their own rhetoric. "To perceive the true purpose of the American Revolution," Professor Kristol asserted, "it is wise to ignore some of the more grandiloquent declamations of the moment." Of course, the quintessentially "grandiloquent" declamation was that which began, "We hold these truths to be self-evident . . ."

Martin Diamond had found his "no-guidance" thesis in Willmoore Kendall's *Basic Symbols of the American Political Tradition*, published posthumously in 1970, a book which, however, capped more than a generation of warfare by Kendall against the Declaration, or, rather, against Abraham Lincoln for using the Declaration to "derail" the American political tradition. Kendall, however, was himself merely echoing what Calhoun had said in his speech on the Oregon Bill, June 27, 1848, when he said that the principles expressed in the Declaration "made no necessary part of our justification in separating from the parent country . . . [and did not have] any weight in constructing the governments which were substituted in place of the colonial." The principles themselves, Calhoun declared, were "false" and "dangerous."

Needless to say, my work exposing the character and intellectual pedigree of these lectures was not universally well-received. More recently, the American Enterprise Institute has inaugurated its celebration of the forthcoming Bicentennial of the Constitution with *How Democratic Is the Constitution?* edited by Bob Goldwin and Walter Berns. As nearly as I can tell, this series seems destined to have as its central idea the same negative view of the principles of the regime as its predecessor. Hence my correspondence with Professor Berns.

Dear Walter:

Your recent letter to me was an attempt to turn questions of scholarship and of political philosophy into personal differences. However, your attack is only incidentally against me personally. It is, in essence, against anyone who stands by the conclusions of "free argument and debate." It is against the idea of political philosophy.

We are old men now, but once, when we were young, we shared in a springtime of the rediscovery of political philosophy, of the power of the *logos* to lead us, whither we should go. Together we sat at the feet of Leo Strauss. We were a happy few, a band of brothers then, ready to stand against the world, "whither the god had stationed us," in dialectical combat. The matter between us now is very much one of where we stand, respectively, in relationship to what was once our "ancient faith."

Aristotle, in the only reference to piety in the *Nicomachean Ethics*, says that that virtue requires us to honor truth before our friends. That is because we would not otherwise be worth having as friends. Abraham Lincoln tells us to "Stand with anybody that stands *right*. Stand with him while he is right and *part* with him when he goes wrong." That saying was beneath a framed silhouette of Lincoln in my room when I was a child. Its meaning did not become apparent to me until many years after I had ceased to be a child. Yet it is a comfort to me now to remember it with the glow of a distant past, in the truth that time has revealed.

In my last letter to you I stated in a perfectly straight-

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forward way the points in your contribution to *How Democratic Is the Constitution?* that I thought were mistaken, and that might form the agenda of a debate. I can understand your irritation at my question whether you had joined the ranks of those who think that the proper way to refute someone is to ignore him. However irritating my question, though, it was necessary and just. You had indeed ignored my argument, in *How to Think about the American Revolution*, concerning whether the Constitution of 1787 "secured these rights." In ignoring it, you ignored the question of whether the Constitution, and the American polity generally, had any foundation whatever in natural, as opposed to positive, right. You were, whether you understood what you were doing or not, putting yourself squarely on the side of radical modernity. How could you—and Bob Goldwin, as editors of *How Democratic Is the Constitution?*—simply ignore the position represented by Abraham Lincoln and the Gettysburg Address?

You say that I have lost "any sense of proportion as to what is important and what is not," and add that I "engage in petty polemics with persons . . . [whom I] owe it to myself to ignore." Who are they, among those I have noticed recently, that I "owe it to myself to ignore"? Willmoore Kendall? Martin Diamond? Irving Kristol? Garry Wills? Walter Berns? Abraham Lincoln took note of what Stephen A. Douglas said and wrote because, he said, "Judge Douglas is a man of vast influence, so great that it is enough for many men to believe anything when they once find out that Judge Douglas professes to believe it."

Now it is precisely upon this principle—which is also the principle of Socratic political philosophy—that I have noticed certain opinions that I have undertaken to refute. One reason I paid such attention to the Kristol and Diamond lectures was the conspicuous role that they played in the Bicentennial. The AEI series was the most prominent political-academic recognition of the two-hundredth anniversary of the United States of America. Since so-called modern "liberalism" looks upon the past as reactionary, the only positive recognition of the principles of the Revolution would of necessity be "conservative"—and the AEI is recognized as a center of "conservatism." The AEI lectures were therefore directed toward the same "constituency," that is, the same body of opinion, that I too hoped to influence as an interpreter of the American political tradition.

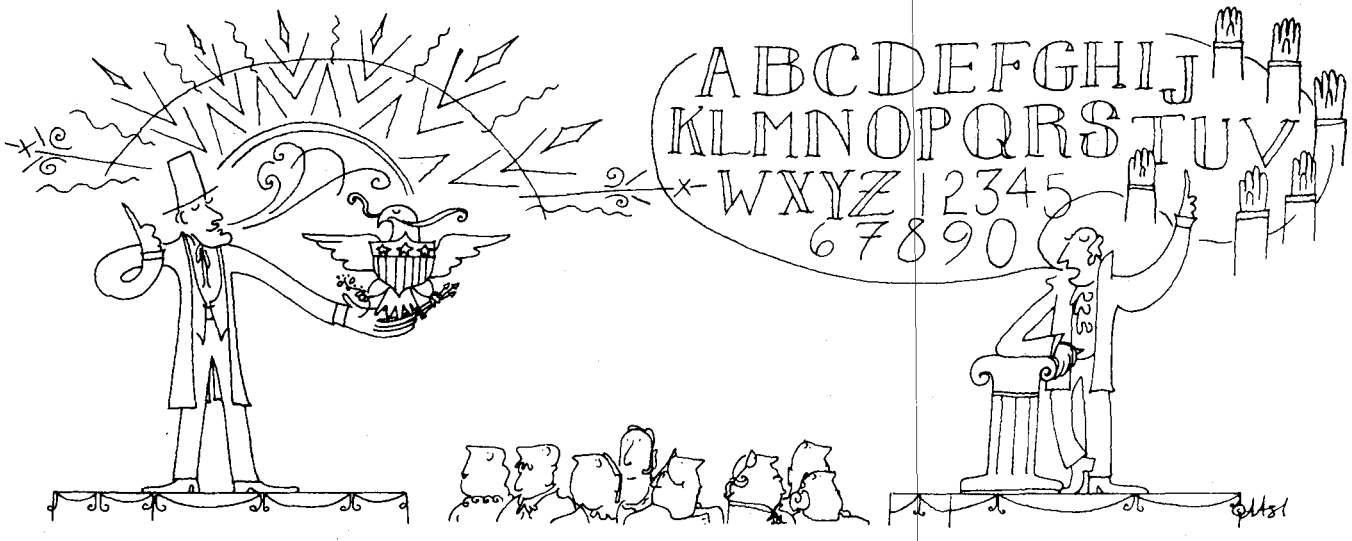
As I said, the critique of opinions that are popular, or influential, or both, has supplied the ground or matter of political philosophy since Socrates first brought it down from the heavens and into the cities. When Socrates went about refuting the opinions of poets, politicians, and artisans (but not philosophers), he too appeared to be occupying himself with persons that some of his contemporaries thought it his duty to ignore. You say that I am "stooping to conquer." But what appears "stooping" to you, I regard as bringing philosophy down from Heaven, and into the City. Oddly enough, the one who first praised me for doing this was Martin Diamond. It was he who, more than 25 years ago, noted that the "orthodox" Straussians held that political philosophy, having originated in the Socratic critique of the opinions of the Athenians, consisted thereafter in the Socratic critique of the opinions of the Athenians. It was Jaffa, he declared, who discovered that political philosophy might also consist in the Socratic critique of the opinions of the Americans. In his characteristically pungent manner, he added that it all depended upon which cave you were in!

I find that Peacock is publishing *The Founding of the Democratic Republic*, which will consist of chapters 1, 3, 4, and 5 of Diamond's *The Democratic Republic*. According to the publisher, the *raison d'être* is in the following excerpt from early in the text:

> Few countries have a national political creed. Fewer have a formal constitution vitally related to that creed. It is not accident, therefore, that much American political debate and scholarship has focused on the relationship between the Declaration and the Constitution; or to state the issue more precisely, on the relationship between democracy and the restraining tendencies of the Constitution. This relationship is at the center of the American political existence. Everything depends upon its proper understanding.

When he wrote these lines, Marty was much closer to the mark than when he came to regard the Declaration (as you also now seem to do) as neutral toward forms of government (and hence unable to supply "guidance" with respect to the Constitution and government). That "everything" depends upon the proper understanding of the relationship between the Constitution and the Declaration is what I believed when Marty wrote those lines, and what I believe today.

The central thesis of Revisionist historiography, when I



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help!!!!

The Tugboat Caper

If I were a mullah
  Living on kebobs,
I would feel a shiver
  Preaching to the mobs.
Though the Holy Wonder
  Lords it still in Qum,
Kings and clerics shudder
  At a distant boom.

W. H. VON DREELE

"Is there anyone here who isn't *suffering from Economist's Block?"*

"LISTEN, PAL... THAT QUACK DOCTOR OF YOURS IS GONNA KILL YOU WITH THAT STUFF TRICKLIN' DOWN... HERE'S WHAT YOU NEED!"

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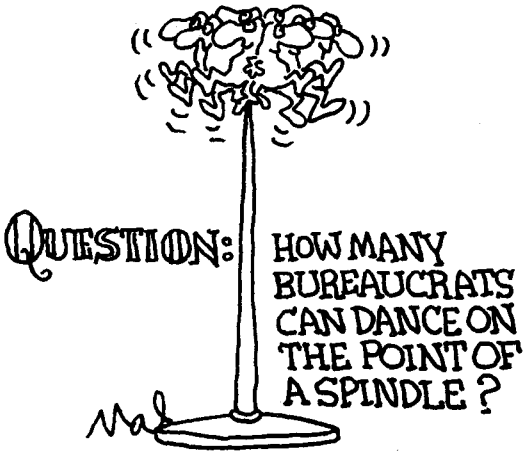

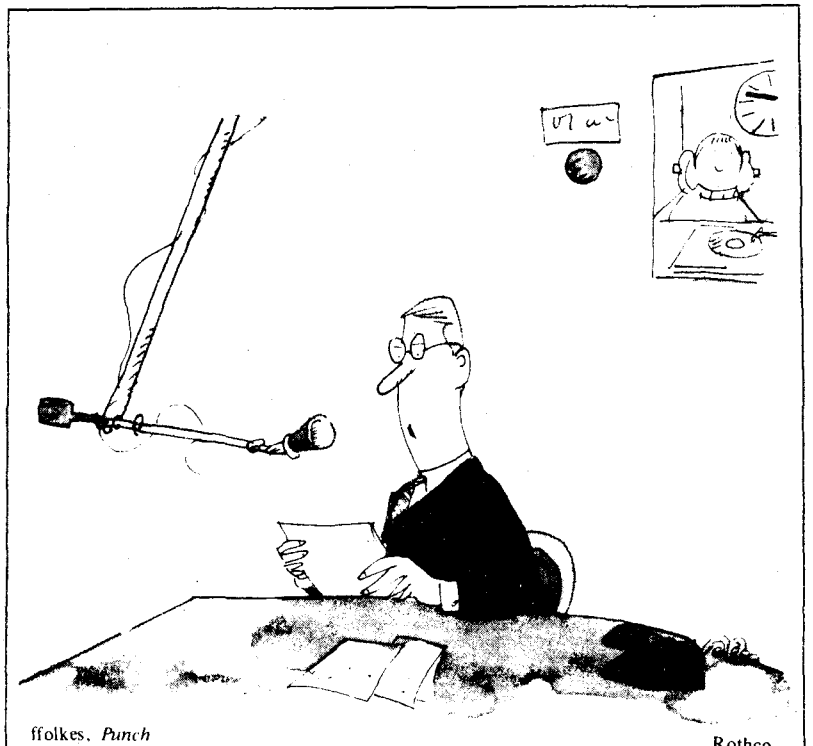

ffolkes, *Punch* Rothco

"According to the latest figures, Nostalgia is up 10 per cent, Daydreaming is up 7 per cent, and Inertia is up 55 per cent."

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began work on the Lincoln-Douglas debates, was that the Civil War was an "unnecessary war." It was held to have been unnecessary for two reasons. First, because the slavery question was a moral question. And moral questions were held to be incapable of resolution by any rational means. Morality—so the historians, like the social scientists, believed—was a matter of subjective opinion, and there was no way that anyone could be proved "right" or "just," or, conversely, "wrong" or "unjust." So the proper way to have dealt with slavery was to abstain from inflaming passions by talking about it, either as an evil or a good thing, while somehow working out a compromise. But American politicians of the period, the Revisionists held, were notably irresponsible, and fanned the flames recklessly, to advance their political fortunes. The "responsible" politician, *par excellence*, was Stephen A. Douglas, because "popular sovereignty" was a way to stop talking about slavery, at least on the national level. And of all those who continued to talk about slavery, none was more reckless than Abraham Lincoln. By insisting, at a moment of high tension, that a time of decision was at hand, whereby the country must become all free, or all slave, he insisted upon a policy that could only result in civil war.

Secondly, however, the Civil War was unnecessary because at the moment when Lincoln made the House Divided speech, the territorial issue, the focal point of the slavery question, was virtually solved. And it was solved because of the policy embodied in Lincoln's rival, and the Revisionists' favorite, Stephen A. Douglas. Whether or not "climate" would have kept slavery out of Kansas is immaterial, because the battle for Kansas had been won by the superior numbers and greater force of the free-soil settlers. The sole remaining chance for slavery in Kansas by 1857 lay in the attempt of the Buchanan Administration to force the acceptance of the Lecompton Constitution on Congress, which would have admitted Kansas as a state with a foothold for slavery remaining there. But the fight against Lecompton was led every inch of the way by Stephen A. Douglas.

The winning of that fight vindicated popular sovereignty as an effective means to assure freedom in the territories. The virtue of popular sovereignty, as seen by Revisionism, was then twofold: first, that it did not treat slavery as a moral question; and, secondly, that it assured the victory of freedom in the territories. Most Revisionists conceded that this was the proper outcome, not because slavery was wrong, but because such an outcome was in keeping with the trends of the nineteenth century. The South, they felt, would and could have accepted the loss of the territories through the operation of popular sovereignty (although the demand in 1860 for a federal slave code for the territories seems to contradict this) just because it did not involve any moral condemnation of the peculiar institution.

The defeat of the Lecompton Constitution, with the Republicans in Congress marshaled under the leadership of Douglas, occurred before Lincoln made his House Divided speech. By the early spring of 1858, Horace Greeley and other Eastern leaders of the Republican Party felt that Douglas should be supported, not opposed, for re-election to the Senate, by the Illinois Republicans. (The principal thrust of the House Divided speech was directed against just this political sentiment.)

In the minds of the Eastern Republicans, the success of the fight against Lecompton pointed toward an alliance between Douglas Democrats and Republicans. After all, it was not long since most of those Republicans had *been* Democrats. Had Lincoln not forestalled this possibility by his candidacy for the Senate in 1858, that alliance might well have come to full fruition in 1860, with Douglas supported for the Presidency by Republicans.

Douglas, under such circumstances, would have been elected President by a much larger margin than Lincoln's 39 per cent of the popular vote, and perhaps by an even larger majority of the electoral vote. The South would have faced a North much more politically united than the one it faced in the case of Lincoln's election. Would secession and Civil War have followed nonetheless? No one can tell, but the probabilities are infinitely less that it would have done so. For the South to secede from a Union presided over by a Democratic President, however personally unpopular he may have been there, would have been much, much more difficult. Besides, that President would have commanded an effective lever in the form of patronage. All he would have had to do was offer offices to a handful of the firebrands, whose defection would have broken the back of the secessionist movement.

> Americans *could not, Lincoln held, accept slavery as a matter of moral indifference*

It is worth repeating, and repeating often, that, however Douglas may have been looked upon as a traitor to the South, his doctrine of popular sovereignty did *not* involve any moral judgment upon the peculiar institution. It is impossible to read the debates of the period without feeling that this, more than anything else, drove the slave South into rebellion. Yet it was just this moral condemnation that Lincoln insisted upon, in the House Divided speech, throughout the joint debates, in the Ohio speeches of 1859, and in the Cooper Union speech. He made it a kind of ideological means test, to drive Douglas away from the Republican Party—and, of course, to keep open the place of leadership that he himself filled. In 1858 Lincoln did not, I think, aim at the Presidency for himself. Yet he certainly knew that he was destroying a possible 1860 coalition of Republicans and Douglas Democrats. Douglas's charge throughout the 1858 campaign—that the House Divided speech embodied a policy that could only lead to civil war—was a valid one, and did not require any prophetic insight on Douglas's part. How candid was Lincoln's denial that his policy had any such import?

Lincoln's policy is indefensible, if there was not a profound reason for preferring the moral condemnation of slavery, as the basis for restricting its extension into the territories, to popular sovereignty. The ground for this preference was its embodiment in the Declaration of Independence. For Lincoln, the principle that condemned slavery was the same principle that justified American independence. John Quincy Adams had declared that the only thing that kept the "North American Revolution" from being mere "treason and rebellion" was the principles contained in the first two paragraphs of the Declaration. Lin-

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coln inherited this view. And the principle that justified American independence required the "republican form of government," which was also required by Article IV of the Constitution. Americans could not, Lincoln held, accept slavery as a matter of moral indifference, without coming to accept their own freedom as a matter of moral indifference. What they owed to Negroes, they owed to themselves, and what they owed to themselves, they owed to Negroes *because* they owed it to themselves. "As I would not be a slave, so I would not be a master."

The "national political creed," of which Marty once wrote, is to be found in the Declaration. It is not to be found in the Constitution. The compromises with slavery in the Constitution of 1787 called into question *all* the compromises of the Constitution, raising the doubt whether any of them were in accordance with principles or were merely concessions to necessity, that is, reflections of the bargaining power of the contending factions. Without recourse to the Declaration, there is no way of distinguishing principled from unprincipled compromises. Diamond's latter-day "no-guidance" thesis simply severs that relationship between Declaration and Constitution which he himself had called the vital principle of the regime.

Hence

the Lincolnian case for popular government was inherently proof against permissive egalitarianism

Here is how Lincoln regarded the logic of the principle of equality. Here is how he thought that "all men are created equal" implied, not only a condemnation of slavery, but a condemnation of slavery *because* inconsistent with the idea of republican government. And republican government, to him, meant a government of equal political rights—or, as we would say, democracy—*and* the rule of law. The following is from the Peoria speech of 1854.

> Judge Douglas frequently, with bitter irony and sarcasm, paraphrases our argument by saying: "The white people of Nebraska are good enough to govern themselves, *but they are not good enough to govern a few miserable negroes!!*"
>
> Well, I doubt not that the good people of Nebraska are, and will continue to be, as good as the average of people elsewhere. I do not say the contrary. What I do say is, that no man is good enough to govern another man, *without that other's consent*. I say this is the leading principle—the sheet anchor—of American republicanism.
>
> [Lincoln then quotes the first two sentences of the second paragraph of the Declaration of Independence, and continues:] I have quoted so much at this time to show that according to our ancient faith, the just powers of government are derived from the consent of the governed. Now the relation of masters and slaves is, *pro tanto*, a total violation of this principle. The master not only governs the slave without his consent; but he governs him by a set of rules altogether different from those he prescribes for himself. Allow *all* the governed an equal voice in the government, and that, and that only, is self-government.

According to Lincoln, the principles of the Declaration are the principles of self-government, and they are the principles of American republicanism. They require that those who make the law *live under the law*—which means *constitutionalism*. But they also require that those who live under the law *make the law*—which means *democracy*. Democracy, I should add, is the same as American republicanism.

That self-government, properly and strictly understood, requires allowing "*all* the governed an equal voice in the government" is an unequivocal assertion. But this clearly refers to political justice in its fullest sense, the sense implying the best regime. The cast of Lincoln's thought is in this respect classical, not modern. Political justice—democracy understood as the best regime—is a *terminus ad quem*, not a *terminus a quo*. (Hobbes, remember, substituted the turning away from evil, for the turning toward the good, as the ground in nature of moral and political choice. This replacement of a natural end, with a natural beginning, coincided with the abolition of prudence as the political and moral virtue *par excellence*). The actual requirements of political justice, that is, justice as an act of prudence—for Lincoln as for Aristotle—always involved taking into account circumstances. He had ample authority for this in the Declaration of Independence, which is a sufficient reason why the American Founding cannot be understood entirely or solely in the light of modern political philosophy. But there can be no prudence, except in the light of a goal or end of political life. This goal, or the symbol of this goal, is found, within the American political tradition, in the Declaration of Independence, if it is to be found anywhere. All my efforts to restore the classical element in Lincoln's statesmanship have thus been linked to the restoration of the teaching of the Declaration of Independence to its proper role.

I have written repeatedly that the Civil War is "the most characteristic phenomenon in American politics . . . because it represents the innermost character of that politics." I have, I think, sufficiently proved that the academic debate about the American political tradition is for the most part little more than a concealed (or unconscious) form of the political debate. Conducting my argument by political, rather than academic speech, is part of my attempt to restore to this debate both its seriousness and its vitality. Surely, this is necessary when someone of Irving Kristol's place and eminence solemnly declares that the American political tradition is "an inarticulate tradition." Would it not be fair to say that Irving Kristol became inarticulate, when confronted with the articulateness of the American political tradition?

You have reproached me for not becoming, as you think I might have become, "the great historian and poet of the American regime." Now history is concerned with particulars, and poetry with universals, and these might seem to be antithetical enterprises. Yet history and poetry form part of a single discipline in political philosophy. Writing as I do about the Civil War and the American Revolution, both as events in the past and as elements of an "eternal present," is of the essence of my project.

Crisis of the House Divided was not meant to be a book about American history, except incidentally. It is in the form of a scholastic disputed question, which is itself a form of the Socratic dialogue. It was born in my mind when I discovered—at a time when I was studying the *Republic* with Leo Strauss—that the issue between Lincoln and Douglas

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was in substance, and very nearly in form, identical with the issue between Socrates and Thrasymachus. The beauty of Lincoln's argument was that he made the case for popular government depend upon the acceptance of a standard of right and wrong, independent of mere opinion, and one which was not and could not be justified by the counting of heads. Hence the Lincolnian case for popular government was inherently proof against "permissive egalitarianism."

The American tradition of popular government was thus seen, in the person of Lincoln, to depend upon the statesman as prophet. And prophecy, as I learned from Strauss, who had it from Maimonides—and ultimately from Plato's Athenian Stranger—was the political name for political science. The relationship of history and poetry, in the American political tradition, may be indicated by saying that if Lincoln had not existed, we would have had to invent him.

Existing as he did, however, involves showing his life as itself a work of art, and not of chance events. Lincoln's best-known noble lie is "the world will little note, or long remember, what we say here." Perhaps more significant is "I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly, that events have controlled me." The art of the dialogue, as Strauss interpreted it, was to produce a surface that appeared to be governed by chance. Plato himself found many of the materials of his art in "history," the central historical event being the life and death of Socrates (seen, however, in the context of both the Persian and the Peloponnesian Wars). Without these materials of history there would have been nothing to form into his art. (There really were a Cephalus, a Polemarchus, and a Thrasymachus, whose names chanced to represent the roles assigned to them by art.)

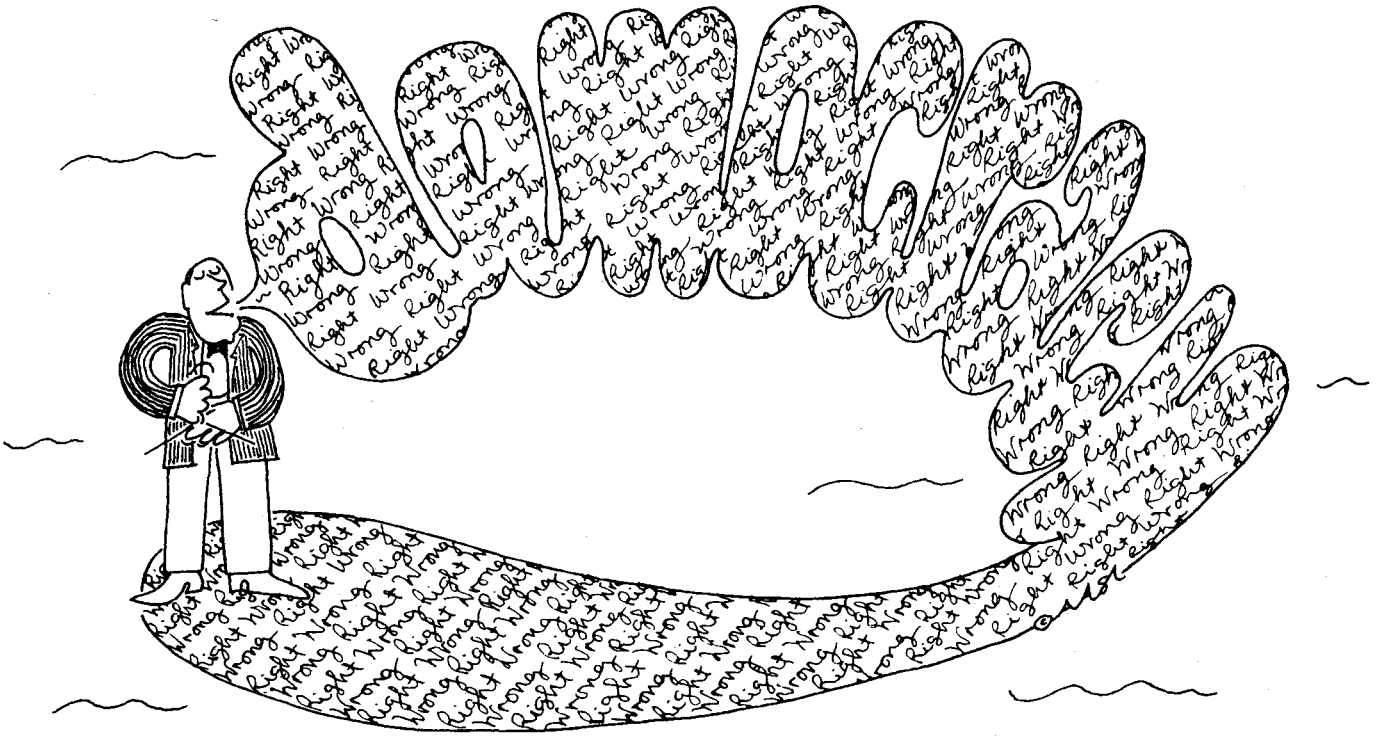
Do I not bring philosophy down from the heavens and into the city—making it practical and political—when I demonstrate by my critiques of Kendall, Bradford, and Wills that their doctrines are merely varieties of Confederate doctrine, and that the vital center of their beliefs is derived from John C. Calhoun? In showing that the struggle today over the interpretation of American tradition is "the Civil War continued by other means," do I not thereby illuminate my thesis that the Civil War is "the most characteristic phenomenon in American politics"? Is it not vital and necessary to this project to show that Kristol and Diamond represent (like mirrors reflecting each other) two images of the position held by Stephen A. Douglas in 1858? The one called the principles of the Revolution "rhetoric," and the other called them "noble," but without correlative practical implications. The severing of the Founding from natural right and natural law leaves it with nothing to guide it but positive right. At that point, Kristol and Diamond, like Douglas under the withering and relentless analysis

CERTAIN

objections to belief had arisen which had sapped, if they had not destroyed, the foundations of belief

of Lincoln, become followers willy-nilly of John C. Calhoun. (In Diamond's case, I traced his precise words from Calhoun via Kendall.) And is not this, like Lincoln's challenge to the Eastern leaders of the Republican Party in 1858, also a demonstration of the "eternal presence" of the question of whether justice is the interest of the stronger, or whether it must not be based upon natural right?

Leo Strauss's life and work had a motive that was not less political than philosophic. The political motive was to arrest and reverse "the decline of the West." That decline consisted in the West's loss of its sense of purpose. It no longer believed in its purpose, because it no longer understood that it had a purpose. Certain objections to belief had



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arisen which had sapped, if they had not destroyed, the foundations of belief. At first, it appeared that "man made himself," that the human, and not the divine, was "the measure of all things." But the human, detached from the divine, did not long remain human: it quickly turned into the bestial. Man himself presently appeared as the mere epiphenomenon of his own blind and destructive urges. The destruction of philosophy appeared completed, in contemporary social science, when Reason appeared finally as nothing more than the mask worn by unreason. Today, terrorism is a symbol of the fact that to avant-garde modernity not even self-preservation can be called a rational goal.

The West, Strauss taught, was constituted at its highest by Reason and Revelation. These two different and contradictory principles, neither of which could refute the other, had come to subsist, in the minds of the West's greatest souls—for example, in Moses Maimonides, William Shakespeare, and Thomas Aquinas—in an uneasy but fruitful tension. The greatness of the West lay in the quiet but firm refusal of the human soul, nurtured by both, to acquiesce in the destruction of either by closing its eyes to the possibility of either. Yet Reason and Revelation were threatened, or more than threatened, by Modernity. The theoretical tension between Reason and Revelation came to be replaced by a practical alliance—an alliance forged in Strauss's lifework—in the face of this threat of destruction of the West. For Modernity culminates in the claims of Science, to have replaced God, and of History, to have replaced Philosophy. Strauss's career, his peculiar genius, and his particular achievement was to have proved—as no one in four hundred years had done—that neither Science nor History had vindicated its claims, and that the power and dignity both of Reason and Revelation, as guides to human life, were inherently untouched by Modernity. In this he vindicated the claims of both Athens *and* Jerusalem.

Reason

and Revelation are the two irreducible principles of human action

Strauss proved that the *problem* of natural right remained what it had always been since its first discovery: the problem whose solution was the solution to the human problem. Nor was it any accident that he found the most lucid examples of the necessity of natural right in two passages of the Old Testament, which provided the epigraph of *Natural Right and History*. But the contemplation of a problem, while it may be a sufficient guide to action for philosophers, is not a sufficient guide to political men. Socrates's refutation of Thrasymachus was not sufficient from Socrates's point of view, nor was it sufficient from that of Glaucon and Adeimantus, Plato's brothers (and surrogates). But it *was* sufficient for Thrasymachus, who became Socrates's disciple when he perceived that Socrates was the stronger of them. At that point Socratic natural right became political right for Thrasymachus. One might say that for Horace Greeley and the free-soil movement, natural right became political right when Lincoln defeated Douglas in the political dialectic of the joint debates and their sequel, ending in the Cooper Union speech. At that point, Lincoln had succeeded in turning the free-soil movement, and the future of the regime, away from the worship of the golden calf of popular sovereignty. In the peroration of the Cooper Union speech, Lincoln said, "Let us have faith that Right makes Might, and in that faith, let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it." Such a faith in reason makes reasonable the faith in faith.

My demonstration of both the possibility and the necessity of natural right becoming political right, in the example provided by Lincoln, adds a practical and political dimension to Strauss's project, a dimension that cannot be achieved by any philosophic argument detached from those circumstances in which political action always takes place. At the same time, it puts the American concern with justice, not only in the context of that "eternal present" in which the philosophic debate takes place, but in the context of that experience of justice, attested "three thousand years ago." In carrying on the struggle for the conviction that we live in the presence of such a debate and of such an experience, do not we the living carry on that unfinished task so nobly advanced, each in his own way, by Abraham Lincoln and Leo Strauss?

Much of your harshness toward me is founded upon the soreness you felt about "Political Philosophy and Honor," in which I set forth my objections to the Leo Strauss Dissertation Award sponsored by the American Political Science Association. What matters, once again, are not the personal reflections in which you indulge, but whether the philosophical ground of the argument of that essay is sound or unsound.

I had argued that the very language used to justify the Strauss Award constituted a denial of the possibility of political philosophy. For it was said to constitute a recognition of political philosophy as "one of many" disciplines within political science. But political philosophy is by its nature the architectonic practical discipline. It can no more be "one of many" than happiness, which is the end of all practical activity, can be "one of many" good things. As I have argued at length herein, Reason and Revelation are the two irreducible principles of human action, which human thought has discovered. The sovereignty of Reason, as a guide to human action, itself depends upon the unity of the discipline whereby Reason becomes such a guide. The sovereignty of God depends equally upon the unity of God. "Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God, is One!" Can you imagine the "Shmai Yisroel" concluding "One and a half," or "One point zero zero one"? The very formulation of the problem of the One and the Many means that the One implied in the Many cannot be One among Many. If this is denied, we do indeed live in a Multiverse and not a Universe; or perhaps, the Universe of the Absurd, from which there is indeed "No Exit."

The logic of the unity of political philosophy, to repeat, is the same. No restoration of classical political philosophy is or was possible, if the supposed adherents of it concede to their scientistic-historicist colleagues the most vital point dividing them.

Hence I contended that the Strauss Award could only become—and indeed was intended to become—an "affirmative action" program. Since you have written so well about

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the defects of another kind of affirmative action, how is it that you accept it in this case? It had to become a log-roll among contending factions because, by definition, there was no common (i.e., One) standard of judgment to which appeal could be made. In one of the "odd" or non-Straussian years of the Award, it was given for a dissertation on the French Marxist Louis Althusser. (Althusser has gained notoriety recently for murdering his wife.) The dissertation, which I read in part, was entirely an exercise in intrasectarian Marxist dialectics. It was praised by the committee making the award, for the excellence of its textual exegesis in the manner of Leo Strauss! Could there be a more graphic illustration of the account in my essay of how the award would be made?

You objected to the fact that I had signed my last letter to you, "As ever." That was because you professed to discover a great change, between my "earlier self and work," and the later. I considered whether I ought to subscribe myself "Your humble and obedient servant," but then I reflected upon the origins of this form of baroque politeness, in satirical infidelity. And yet it is fidelity to political philosophy to which I herein lay claim. Churchill wisely says that a statesman can only remain consistent amid changing circumstances by changing with them, while preserving the same dominating purpose. I do not think anyone can find any change in the dominating purpose of my life, over the last thirty years. Certainly you have not done so. And therefore I must once again remain,

As ever,
Harry

WALTER BERNS

A Reply to Harry Jaffa

THERE IS NO substance to Harry Jaffa's criticism of me. In 1972, he wrote that the Declaration of Independence displays an "openness, or vagueness" as to forms of government, so much so that "the people are not even obliged [by the Declaration] to set up popular governments" (*The Conditions of Freedom*, p. 158). I agree with this now and I have always agreed with it. Therefore, one must look elsewhere for the source of Jaffa's dispute with me.

Professor Jaffa is wont to ascribe cosmic significance to his quarrels. If a defense of political philosophy is required in this unpleasant business, it is not because of anything I have written but, rather, only because he attempts to use it as a bludgeon to smite his imagined enemies or as an instrument for converting private grievances into questions of the public weal. What, in this case, began as a private matter between former friends has become an issue of general significance. He is a textbook case of someone converting philosophy into ideology, of abusing theoretical teachings for his own practical ends. This is the specific malady of modernity, and Jaffa, I very much regret to say, has become infected with it even while fighting it. He is a study of the temptation of the intellectual.

Thus, my comments must be personal, for he has, in a frank imitation of Socrates's *Apology*, identified his person and his fate with political philosophy and its fate. It is up to the reader to judge how impressive are the similarities. I would remind them, however, that it is an error of logic to conclude, as Jaffa does, that because Socrates was a pest, all pests are Socrates. Hence, it does not follow that to seek to avoid a pest is the equivalent of running away from the truth. The reason some people avoid Jaffa is not that they are afraid to debate him but that he follows Hobbes, not Socrates, in holding that to disagree with him is to insult him. And he reacts accordingly. He is a slayer of imaginary dragons (while Socrates was a charmer of real snakes). He did not learn from his teacher, Leo Strauss, that moral indignation is the greatest enemy of philosophy.

It is Professor Jaffa's use of Leo Strauss's legacy that is the most problematic—indeed, the most egregious—aspect of his rhetoric. He affirms an apostolic succession that establishes him as the sole heir of that legacy, the arbiter of all disputes, and the guardian of the faith. Western civilization depends on political philosophy—so the reasoning goes—political philosophy in this century was represented by Leo Strauss, and Leo Strauss's mantle has been assumed by Harry Jaffa. Thus, Western civilization depends on Harry Jaffa, particularly on the acceptance of his authority by all of Mr. Strauss's other students, who betray the faith and who are thereby *the* enemies. (That this is not a parody can be proved by a careful study of Professor Jaffa's article above, and especially the section where he attacks the Leo Strauss prize, which is awarded annually by the American Political Science Association.) His squabbles (and they are legion) are seen by him as the last line of defense against barbarism. (One is reminded of Don Quixote fighting and defeating the giants.)

No other student of Leo Strauss would presume to use the memory of his dead teacher to flay a former friend. Other Strauss students are extremely reticent about invoking his name, and for a very good reason. Strauss did not found a cult or a movement, and one does him honor by *not* speaking of him too much, lest the pupil's failings appear to be those of the teacher. Thus, while it is extremely

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distasteful to be drawn into Professor Jaffa's unique universe of discourse—and I want to reaffirm that it was not I who published *my* letter to *him*—his journalism has the aim of popularizing Leo Strauss's teachings. Those teachings do not belong in such an arena, but, thanks now to Jaffa, in it they are, and misunderstanding and distortion are inevitable if he remains unanswered.

As the Delphic oracle authorized Socrates's philosophic quest, so Jaffa wants it believed that Leo Strauss authorizes his activities. Strauss was very conscious of the possible abuse of philosophy. He thought it could be abused in the following ways, all of which are evident in Jaffa's article and which together constitute a catalogue of dangers to the philosophic spirit: 1) Doctrinairism: Strauss raised the possibility that ancient thought might be superior to modern thought. Jaffa, however, takes the possibility to be a certitude, thereby making what was supposed to be a fresh openness into just another dogma. The phenomena, instead of speaking for themselves, are tortured into another Procrustean bed. 2) Messianism: Strauss did not believe that he, or political philosophy, could save Western civilization (or reverse "the decline of the West"). It is precisely hopes of this kind that distort the quest for truth. Eternity, not history, is the theme of philosophy, which, Strauss believed, must beware of wishing to be edifying. Jaffa, like Marx, wants to change the world, not to interpret it; he does nothing but edify. 3) The spirit of inquisition as opposed to the spirit of inquiry: Socrates went down into the cave to learn from the various imperfect opinions of men; Jaffa sees his interlocutors not as potential teachers but as enemies. He punishes—his article is an inventory of his victims—rather than learns; he is harsh and vindictive while Socrates was gentle and urbane. 4) Lack of moderation and irony: Jaffa adopts in earnest the heroic pose that Socrates adopted in jest. He thinks that because philosophy should rule in the city that exists only in speech, it must rule in actual cities. He won't be part of the university (or the American Political Science Association) unless everyone recognizes that he is king. This is a far cry from Socrates, who lived quietly with his fellow Athenians while hardly letting them know he philosophized, and he certainly never tried to be their king. He was concerned with preserving philosophy, not aggrandizing.

This catalogue of abuses allows us to see that it was no accident that Harry Jaffa stitched together phrases from Aristotle's moral philosophy and made a political slogan out of them. ("Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice," etc.) The consequences were not good for either Aristotle or, as readers of NATIONAL REVIEW will remember, Barry Goldwater. Politics and philosophy were both distorted.

It is sad to have to say all this in public, but it is wrong for Jaffa to try to enhance his persuasiveness, thereby weakening the credibility of others, by presenting himself as the chosen spokesman for Leo Strauss. □

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GUN CONTROL

Defend Us, O Lord, From Creeps in the Night

GEORGE V. HIGGINS

ESQUIRE greeted the autumnal equinox this year with novelist Chip Elliott's resolute, plain-spoken declaration that he and his wife believe sidearms to be very serviceable accessories for the peaceable citizen roaming at large and minding his own business in contemporary American society. He cited one evening in Venice, California, when he found his 9 mm. automatic handy in redressing a certain imbalance of strength in a discussion initiated by five young gentlemen, one of whom had a knife and an apparent inclination to use it on Elliott. From this and other unpleasant experiences, Elliott admitted, he has reluctantly concluded that society includes a sizable number of vicious beasts who rob and maim and kill because it is an easy way to pick up a few dollars and presents no danger to the attacker unless he has the poor judgment to select somebody like Elliott as his target. Elliott says he and his wife did not audition for the roles of victims, and do not propose to play them.

In the abstract, this is a manifesto indisputable by the majority of sentient adults who thoroughly resent being ripped off, injured, or set upon by homicidal maniacs to whom they have afforded no justification for attack. The law-abiding citizen, however compassionately he may view the plight of those materially less fortunate than he, strongly disapproves of their using self-help to redistribute his wealth among them. The television set in my suburban living room, for example, had—though a muscular Sony—wearied noticeably in years of furnishing intellectual Cool Whip to my children, and Red Sox baseball to me. It had the cathode equivalent of pyorrhea, fallen arches, and hypertension, and it lacked the emotional chits which people of middle age endorse in order to be kept around despite decrepitude. We were making plans to unload it and get another, without any sentimental hesitation whatsoever. Yet we were still infuriated to wake up one morning and discover that someone had smashed a window, opened a door, prowled the house where we were sleeping, and made off with it. We have had only one visiting thief since then, and the $2,500 burglar alarm installed with the new TV apparently sent him away to seek a hold less strong—I might add that I resented that additional expense as well.

Bleeding Footpad

That angry reaction is by the conventional wisdom somewhat more repellent than the outlawed act which causes it. Or at least it has been. Guests at a cocktail party were appalled to learn that the owner of the Porsche, finding a significant amount of blood spilled on the sill of the window broken by the thief to gain access to the ignition (which he also mangled, most likely just starting out in the trade), fervently hoped the footpad bled to death from the wound. The college professor was criticized by his students when he recounted the theft of his mother-in-law's medicine kit through an open window in the bathroom, because the professor said that the drugs in the kit were all diuretics and he devoutly hoped the thief would dose himself into renal failure. The two women who departed their secretarial desks at the federal courthouse in Boston one night shortly before 6:45, only to encounter two men ambitious to commit rape in a fairly busy garage across the street, were solemnly advised to put aside the knives they had added after the experience to their handbag impedimenta—much better to submit, they were advised, and report the matter to the police.

So strong is the piety of those untouched by violence that two of my close acquaintances, upon learning that as a federal prosecutor I had acquired a sidearm in response to threats uttered by members of a lunatic private army under investigation, all but declined to speak to me for several years. It was not until they were separately mugged that they solicited my assistance in securing permits to carry (meanly, this aid was denied them, on the grounds that neither of them was sufficiently adept or experienced in handling firearms to qualify for their possession—"Gun control, you know," I said). Now, what Elliott expressed is not by any means unique; what is at least unusual, though, is where he managed to express it, and the way in which that happened.

Elliott volunteered his views. His article was not solicited by *Esquire*, at least not initially. It was not something which emerged as a possible cover story from some fogbound editorial conference. Elliott was inspired, or incited as the case may be, by an Adam Smith column in part occasioned by the murder of Dr. Michael Halberstam. Halberstam, it will be remembered, interrupted a professional burglar in his home. The burglar fatally wounded him. Using the only weapon that he had, and the last breaths remaining to him, Halberstam got into his car and ran over the bastard, regrettably without inflicting commensurately fatal injuries. Smith used that sad subject as a launching pad for another of those hand-wringing pleas for draconian gun control, and that is what set Elliott off.

To their credit, *Esquire*'s editors did not facilely dismiss Elliott's response. True, he was something of a known quantity, being a published writer. His wife, who prefers a .38 revolver as her protection against the folk of question-

Mr. Higgins, a former state and federal prosecutor, now practices law in Boston, while writing books and serving as media columnist for the Boston Globe.

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able stability she encounters practicing psychiatry in public clinics, is not the sort of woman commonly assumed to be attracted to gunslinging rednecks larruping about the countryside with Willie Nelson tapes blaring from the speaker systems and Marlin carbines hanging from the rifle racks in the cabs of their pickup trucks. The Elliotts have credentials, intellectual credentials, along with their equalizers, and that certainly smoothed their avenue into the respectable society at 2 Park Avenue, New York, New York.

Technically, Elliott may have been a gate-crasher, but he is obviously a good sort, and perhaps it might be best to give him a hearing. Or, as editor Phillip Moffitt tactfully phrased his introductory remarks: the letter was presented "not as an apologia for a middle class wanting to defend its material goods," perish forfend that a middle-class fellow ogling the Cadillac advertised opposite Moffitt's statement would even dream of using force to keep it, "but because a true debate needs to occur in this country concerning crime and the citizen's proper reaction to violence."

Precisely, and on that point, whatever smart remarks may be uttered at the expense of *Esquire* editors or any others, Moffitt and his colleagues deserve full marks and accolades. There simply has not been a reasoned discussion in the mainstream press of the subject of firearms and their appropriate control. There has been hysteria in the columns of the magazines aimed at demographically broad markets, all directed toward the millennial confiscation of anything having anything to do with the controlled explosion of cordite, and there has been strident fulmination in the columns of the special-interest magazines which appeal to hunters, target shooters, and downright gun nuts, all directed toward the millennial laryngectomizing of those preaching gun control. Lost in this uproar has been that very issue: What, exactly, is the citizen's proper reaction to violence?

Anger, I think. At the risk of committing casuistry, I suggest that the Christian instruction implying an infinite supply of cheeks available for turning to one's enemies proposes a standard difficult of achievement by imperfect human beings. Especially when one considers that we most of us lack the omniscience of Jesus and therefore do not enjoy the ability to identify in advance, and thus avoid, those perfect strangers we encounter on the sidewalk bent upon doing us grave bodily harm. Christ, it should be kept in mind, had reliable foreknowledge of who His enemies were, and knew certainly how they would react once He got started on His business. And, intending no disrespect to Him, their violence was requisite to His program.

Stalked in the Night

That is not the case when the night nurse gets off duty and finds herself being stalked through the darkness by some aspiring though demented rapist; his intended contribution to her store of experience will be inspected in vain for any suggestion of a prospective higher good. So also the uninvited visitor who left pocket clutter on the stairs leading to my daughter's room the night the TV disappeared: his thoughtfulness in almost certainly preparing a weapon for use (which is the only way I can account for the stuff that fell from his pockets on the stairs), in order to call unbidden upon my sleeping family, is not a contribution notable under the heading of kindnesses done strangers.

If anger is appropriate, and I suggest it is that as well as being unavoidable, immediate, and strong, the question is how best to give it legitimate expression. The most attractive means is that which we thought we were effectuating when the citizenry as a whole ceded to the police the chore of preventing crime most of the time and seeing to its punishment when prevention occasionally failed. The trouble is that this pacific social pact has been breached by nonperformance too many times to pretend any longer that the citizen is getting what he paid for, as it were, when he took his gunbelt off. The cops blame the judges for this, and the judges have some sharp comments to make about the cops, each sector vying with the other to distribute somewhere else a quantum of blame so enormous that no amount of acrimony or contrition will ever deplete it. It will be interesting to hear what Elliott's opponents recommend to replace his firearms. □

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THE CZECH CARD

A New Deal in Eastern Europe?

THOMAS MOLNAR

EMIGRÉ CZECH and Slovak circles are picking up increasingly alarming reports about developments back home. What they are hearing is that Moscow plans to annex Czechoslovakia sometime in the next five years, so as to secure direct access to East Germany in case transit through Poland is blocked. The Russification of Czechoslovakia's army, schools, and media is proceeding rapidly. The final step, at some unspecified point in the future, would be for Czechoslovakian ruler Gustav Husak or some other quisling to apply for annexation to the Soviet Union as another "Soviet Socialist Republic."

To bring these reports into context, consider the recent visit of Willy Brandt with his Socialist comrade President François Mitterrand. What is important is not so much their disagreement over the extent of the Soviet threat to Western Europe, but a certain remark Brandt is reported to have made: "We Germans have had enough of being an American colony."

This is not just Brandt's view, and the view of a few other leaders of the left wing of the Social Democratic Party like Herbert Wehner and Egon Bahr—it is increasingly the view of Germans in general. As long ago as 1957, Herr von und zu Gutenberg, a very high-ranking Christian Democrat, told me in New York: "The Americans must be warned that unless West Germany is treated as an equal, the permanent temptation of a 'deal' with Russia will again be revived."

Today the situation is becoming more or less what that German statesman foresaw—and feared—a quarter of a century ago. While American newspapers did report one serious bombing incident near an American military base in Germany, smaller such incidents remain unreported, although they multiply. Many Germans are bitter and indignant at the unruly behavior of U.S. soldiers stationed in Germany, many of whom are engaged in the drug trade. East Germany has stepped up its propaganda on this score. One very effective poster, widely displayed in West Berlin, shows animal-like black American soldiers "fraternizing" with German girls. The inscription reads: "Are *these* the people who defend *you* against *us*?"—inviting the conclusion that foreign barbarians have no right to stand between German brothers.

These indications all point to a possible future deal in Eastern Europe. Let's face it: just as the Versailles Treaty of 1919 had a very short life, there is no reason to suppose that the post-1945 arrangement will last forever. At least in Eastern Europe. What forms might the new arrangement take?

There are in that vast and geopolitically decisive area of Eastern Europe two great antagonist powers, Russia and Germany. In some respects Germany is a greater power than Russia may ever become: German culture and world-outlook have been historically crucial shapers of the region, second in importance only to Christianity. Despite Hitler and other aggressive German rulers of the past (Germany took part in the three partitions of Poland in the eighteenth century, for example), Germany remains the window through which many of the nations of that region receive and adopt Western values. In contrast, Russia, czarist or Communist, has not been regarded as part of Europe, but as an Asian power, despotic, inverted, savage. In a choice between Russia and Germany, the immense majority of Eastern Europeans would choose the latter.

Bubec, *Handelsblatt* Rothco

Gustav Husak

THE KREMLIN knows this perfectly well. The Soviets know too that in spite of their superpower status, their position in satellized Eastern Europe is precarious. Moreover, they know their own history, and the undeniable fact that, from Peter the Great to Brezhnev, Russia's modernization to a large extent has been the handiwork of Germans. Back in the seventeenth century the Romanov czars would wash their hands in public after granting an audience to a foreigner. Nonetheless foreigners, most of them Germans, were employed at all levels, even as interpreters at the czarist audiences! The Bolsheviks' first important diplomatic act after the First World War was their pact with defeated Germany; Stalin was thus within the Leninist tradition when he concluded a pact with Hitler at the end of that period.

Even though the West will be taken by surprise—as it was at Rapallo in 1922 and by the Stalin-Hitler pact in 1939—we are on safe ground in predicting a new rapprochement between the two countries, of which one is a great power, the other a potential great power. The first is of course in a position to dictate the terms. The gift that Moscow can bring to the negotiating table is called "reunification"; the condition of handing over the gift is called "German neutrality." It is not as simple as that, but this is the core of any negotiation, present (through intermediaries) or future.

The Kremlin's understanding that the satellite zone cannot be held indefinite-

(Continues on page 73)

Mr. Molnar's latest book is Theists and Atheists: A Typology of Non-Belief.

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In earlier epochs, a critic tormented only the writers...

Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting.

Laurence Sterne

In ours, he torments everybody.

Recently a middle-aged father published a book about his sordid adventures in massage parlors, wife-swapping communes and the worlds of easy sex and prostitution. The critics were grateful to Gay Talese. *Newsweek* said that "Talese's research has an awesome solidity about it." *Vogue* was proud of "... Gay's triumph over the puritanical strictures of Ocean City, strictures that so inhibited him that he didn't even masturbate until his second year in college." And the *Chicago Tribune* – a newspaper respectable primarily in its own eyes—turned its enthusiasm into promotion by running excerpts of *Thy Neighbor's Wife* for Chicagoland families to read.

The state of literary criticism today strongly confirms Laurence Sterne's warning: the cant of criticism *is* the most tormenting. To make things worse, the modern media have transformed the critic into a midwife of mass consciousness. Regardless of what we wish to know or ignore, we live with cultural events and their consequences —as interpreted by the modern critic. Sadly, what passes for "cultural criticism" in *Time, Esquire, Chicago Tribune, Ladies Home Journal,* et al., amounts to an elitist, moral shoddiness.

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No Ma'am, That's Not History

Richard Nixon: The Shaping of His Character
By Fawn Brodie
Norton, 574 pp., $18.95

JACK CHATFIELD

I expected that I would dislike this book as much as I had grown to dislike Richard Nixon as a public man. As Nixon had proven that he was unfit to hold the office of the Presidency, so, I assumed, Fawn Brodie would amply demonstrate that she was unfit to be his "intimate" historian. In the days before I began reading *Richard Nixon*, I prepared for combat. I would "annihilate" Mrs. Brodie as a psycho-historian, even as Richard Nixon "annihilated" political enemies like Jerry Voorhis and Helen Gahagan Douglas.

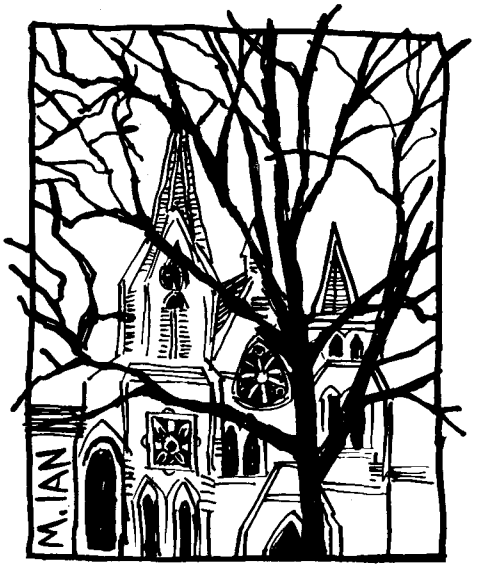
In fact, the early chapters of the book completely disarmed me. For here was a compassionate, sensitive, and moving account of an American family struggling hard during the years between the two great wars. The Nixons fought off the forces of the Depression, but they succumbed to the forces of nature. A "mysterious illness," probably encephalitis, killed his beloved brother Arthur when Richard was 12 years old. Tuberculosis weakened and finally killed a second brother, the irrepressible Harold, when Richard was twenty. For three years, Hannah Nixon and her first son had lived in a "lunger" community in Prescott, Arizona. But they were both in Whittier in March of 1933 when Harold died. Described by a close friend as a "headstrong, devil-may-care Irishman," Harold flouted doctors' orders and may have hastened his own death.

Richard, who had been devastated by Arthur's death, was perhaps even more stricken by the death of Harold. Hannah Nixon tells us that "he sank into a deep impenetrable silence. From that time on, it seemed that he was trying to be *three* sons in one, striving even harder than before to make up to his father and me for our loss." Richard had written a graceful and simple school essay when Arthur died. In his memoirs he wrote movingly of Harold: "I can still remember his voice when he described the beauty of the wildflowers in the foothills and the striking sight of snow in the mountains."

Mrs. Brodie reproduces these passages in her chapter on Harold and Arthur. As with many of her quoted passages, these words possess an extraordinary force. In fact, Mrs. Brodie uses quotations in a manner which is best described as military. They are employed as artillery support, a kind of "Van Fleet load" which softens or numbs the reader and prepares the way for the relentless advance of her thesis. They set the tone of her biography. And this tone, of course, is an outgrowth of the ideological and personal hostility which was certainly the inspiration, as it is the guiding force, of this "intimate history."

It is significant, then, that in her portrayal of this meager and tormented Quaker family, Mrs. Brodie seems impelled not so much by hostility as by a powerful sense of kinship. If some portions of this book are contemptible, and other portions are wholly conventional, the chapters that trace Nixon's life through his naval experiences in the Pacific are characterized by a warmth and sympathy which is missing in the second half of the book. This biography is so segmented that it really becomes two books instead of one. The deep fissure that divides one book from the other—and which is as distinct as the San Andreas fault—appears at the moment when Richard Nixon returns from the Solomon Islands and takes up a career in politics. In a book utterly devoid of sustained political analysis, this is richly suggestive. For it is clear that Mrs. Brodie's portrayal is conditioned as much by her political opinions as by her psycho-historical techniques. Many of those opinions I share. But even if I did not, I would maintain that political opinions are indispensable to the historian—necessary instruments in the craft of interpretation. Mrs. Brodie's brilliant and powerful chapter on the Hiss case is evidence enough for this assertion. But equally, as every undergraduate history major knows, political passions can be an impediment to the understanding. And Mrs. Brodie's book, albeit unwittingly, provides abundant support for this assertion as well.

At the end of her chapter on Arthur



Jack Chatfield *teaches history at Trinity College in Hartford, Connecticut.* . . . **Alistair Horne** *is the author of* A Savage War of Peace: Algeria 1954-1962. . . . **Terry Teachout** *is the music critic for the* Kansas City Star.

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and Harold, Mrs. Brodie introduces Robert Jay Lifton's concept of "psychic numbing"—a phenomenon which Lifton discovered among the survivors of Hiroshima and which Mrs. Brodie defines as a "diminished capacity for experience, whether of joy or grief." It is clear that this is the principal pivot upon which her analysis of Richard Nixon turns. But, as significantly, it leads to one of the truly gripping passages in this lengthy biography: Mrs. Brodie's account of Nixon's extraordinary preoccupation with the death of children. In March of 1974, she tells us, he telephoned an eight-year-old Florida boy who was dying of leukemia. In the summer of that year, during his Soviet tour, he visited the Khatyn Memorial near Minsk and "stood for a very long time looking at the huge bronze statue of the village blacksmith carrying his 15-year-old dead son in his arms." But "the story that moved him most," in Mrs. Brodie's words, was that of Tanya, the 12-year-old Leningrad girl who watched the members of her family die during the siege, and who recorded their deaths in her sparse diary. Mrs. Brodie reminds us that Nixon told the Tanya story three times in public speeches and once again in his memoirs.

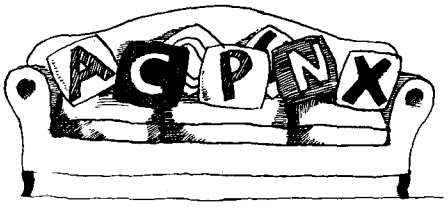
AT THIS heightened moment in the book, a footnote appears. Citing Jonathan Schell, Mrs. Brodie tells us that "when Nixon was speaking in Moscow in 1972," pleading for peace, "the heaviest bombing campaign in the history of warfare was being carried out in Vietnam by American planes." To the innocent reader, it might seem that this momentous declaration should have been placed in the body of the text rather than in a footnote marked by an asterisk. But to have done so would have profoundly altered the compassionate tone of the passage, and prematurely transformed the anguished Nixon into the deceitful and bloodthirsty warrior of the Christmas bombing. To be sure, the Nixon who "stood for a very long time" before the Khatyn Memorial was the Nixon of Watergate and the "prolonged" Vietnam War. But, after all, there are two Nixons. And there are two Fawn Brodies as well.

There is, however, only one Christmas bombing. It was, Mrs. Brodie says, "the heaviest bombing campaign" in history. Furthermore, it was ordered by Richard Nixon, a man who not only was guilty of "prolonging and extending the war" but was demented because he came "to delight in the slaughter" —in the "massive killing and mutilation"—and "had no quarrel with God concerning it." Nixon's conduct of the Vietnam War, in short, becomes for Mrs. Brodie the conclusive evidence of his all-consuming moral depravity.

According to the North Vietnamese regime, the aerial bombardment which Mrs. Brodie mistakenly describes as "the carpet-bombing of Hanoi" killed 1,600 civilians. It was part of a seven-year bombing campaign which took the lives of an estimated fifty thousand North Vietnamese civilians. I was a foe of our involvement in Vietnam, and I am impenitent. But I am not an "intimate historian," and I know that more civilians were killed and mutilated in Tokyo in two days, and in Hiroshima in two minutes, than in North Vietnam throughout the entire course of the American phase of the Indochina War. I know also that anyone who can call the Christmas bombing the heaviest in history is using a standard of measurement which is not only misleading but inhumane, and is suffering from an intermittent intellectual impairment so acute as to approach a kind of "psychic numbing." The enlistment of the White House tapes as documentary evidence is the final stroke. This is bad psychology, bad politics, and bad history.

In the summer of 1951, during our first limited war, President Truman approved the carpet-bombing of Pyongyang. An aerial bombardment of this sort was deemed entirely proper in a war against the forces of international aggression. Does Mrs. Brodie find any evidence that President Truman—who had approved the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki as well—came "to delight in the slaughter"? Not on your life. For Truman, in the author's words, was a "gutsy, anti-Communist fighter who rallied the nation around him" in the dark days of the Korean conflict.

Does anyone hear the sound of axes grinding? If so, don't fret. There ain't nobody here but us psycho-historians. □



STUART LEEDS

The Trouble with France
By Alain Peyrefitte
Knopf, 305 pp., $17.95

LA MALADIE FRANCAISE

ALISTAIR HORNE

At regular intervals a book emerges from the pen of a distinguished Frenchman bearing some such title as *The Trouble with France.* Alain Peyrefitte —Minister of Justice under Giscard, and an ardent Gaullist with 25 years of service in other major government posts behind him—has written a book with precisely this title. But Anglo-Saxons who know and love France could summarize in a sentence what M. Peyrefitte, with much erudition and a certain amount of puckish charm, takes three hundred pages to analyze. The trouble with France is—*tout court*—the French.

Here, on the world's most desirable plot of real estate, you have a people who must rank high among the world's most aggressive, litigious, anarchic, bloody-minded, ungovernable, volatile, restless, self-centered, self-destructive, heartless, and liverish; yet, at the same time, a people with an unsurpassable brilliance in the pursuit of the best things in life, capable of amazing mankind with their contributions to culture, beauty, gastronomy, and technical inventiveness, and surprising their friends with acts of generosity, warmth, and courage at the least expected moments. Whatever else, neither the French nor their history could ever be described as boring; which is one reason why M. Peyrefitte is worth reading.

Since we are discussing what is wrong with the French, surely one of their most deplorable characteristics is a certain prickliness in accepting criticism from foreigners who write French history. The Germans and Italians are remarkably tolerant toward foreign historians writing of Hitler and Mussolini, and the excesses of their more recent history; Americans shrug their shoulders with a pained smile, while the British have long since given up worrying about what others think of them; but the French really hate being written about—which is unfortunate, because of their general impoverishment (with a few shining exceptions) in respect of

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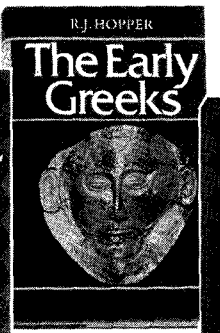

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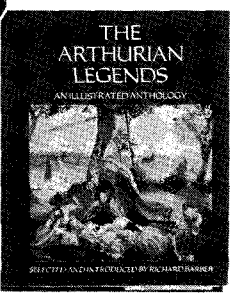

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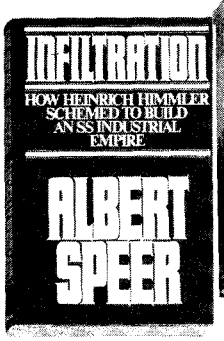

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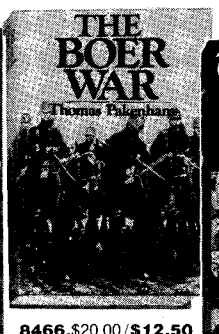

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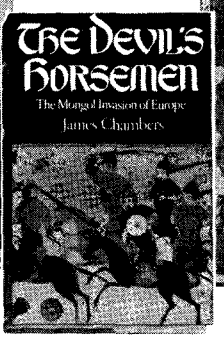

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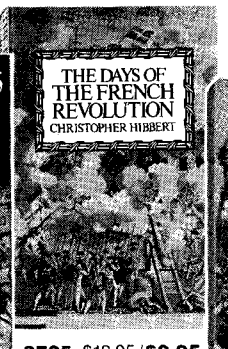

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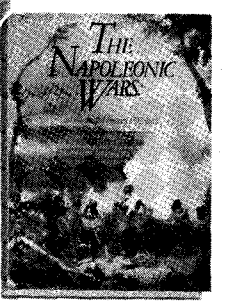

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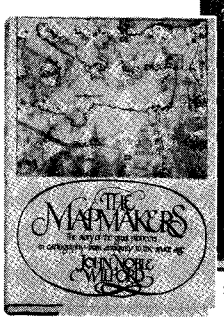

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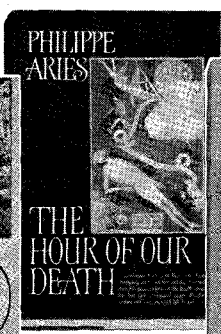

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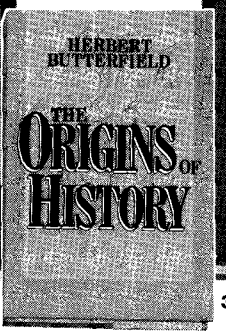

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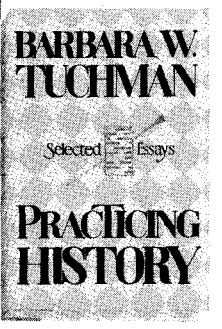

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their own historians at work today. No foreign historian, for instance, could get away with expounding a quarter of M. Peyrefitte's devastating views on Louis XIV and the legacy of his system —so he should be heeded when he claims that France has been ailing ever since *le grand siècle.*

The twin curses of France, says M. Peyrefitte, are bureaucracy and centralization. Both stem from the *Roi Soleil* and his great rationalizing minister Colbert. The Revolution of 1789, compounded by Napoleon, only made matters worse. De Gaulle (whom the author admires unequivocally) had as his "priority of priorities . . . to liberate the energies of the French," which required the exorcising of these twin curses. He retired to Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises having failed on both scores. More controversially (and, again, who but a Frenchman could say this?), M. Peyrefitte holds the mentality of French Catholicism responsible for retarding matters. To him, the Counter-Reformation equals centralism, bureaucracy, repression, and protectionism; the Protestant world stands for liberation, industrial and mercantile progress, and practical inventiveness. Why is it that, since 1789, "there has not been a single private bank of any importance in France that was not founded by Protestants or Jews?" he asks. The shining examples of industrial success in the world today—what are they but the Protestant nations, like Switzerland, Sweden, the U.S.A., West Germany, Canada, Holland, etc.? (Conveniently, Britain is extracted as the "exception that proves the rule"; Japan is barely mentioned.)

AN ENGAGING THESIS, but it would doubtless not stand up to too serious examination. There are built-in inconsistencies; for instance, while condemning Rome for France's decay, the author also blames France's decline in fecundity—but can you have it both ways? This reviewer would also like to suggest one "trouble" with the French of today that is not raised by M. Peyrefitte—one that he himself suffers from, and that leads him to faulty conclusions on more than one occasion. Three months ago I led a panel of eminent British writers, publishers, critics, and translators in a weekend seminar with a group of their French opposite numbers. By the end of the weekend it was apparent to all of us, and even admitted to by several of the French, just how

insular French literary habits had become in recent years. This insularity far exceeds anything to be found among even us islanders, and reading M. Peyrefitte's book makes one realize that this insularity spreads across the board in France.

How otherwise could M. Peyrefitte refer to British trades-union leaders as "models" of reasonableness? Has he never heard of British Leyland? Or again, when making a case against the excessive intellectualism of the French (their worst vice after their bureaucratic-mindedness), he cites the nice paradox of their having "the finest telecommunications engineers and a wretched telephone system." When, one asks, did he last try to telephone, audibly and without interference, across two city blocks in London, on a communications system rapidly declining to Bangladesh standards? And is France the only country that is so plagued by bureaucracy; or where town clerks distinguished only for "cantankerous ineptitude" prove unsackable; or where the central government is impotent to reduce local expenditure? Elsewhere he seems to labor under the illusion that "Protestant" countries are so in more than name only; it is already many years ago that T. S. Eliot observed that "English society, though still in form Christian, is now in fact largely neutral." (Not, to be sure, that one would ever list modern France among the world's most dedicated Catholic nations.) By appearing to be so insulated from external yardsticks for comparison, M. Peyrefitte weakens what is often an intriguing case.

Among many diverting anecdotes, I particularly liked one about workmen holding up traffic in an underground carpark while they repaired the doors, having been ordered "not to interrupt our work until at least three cars were lined up." The impasse was only solved by an irate woman driver who "leaned" on her horn until a desperate manager appeared—a good illustration of the gap between proletarian bloody-mindedness and bourgeois impatience in France. There is also an admirable and apt quotation:

> In France, the loveliest churches never have more than one tower and the finest chateaux never have more than one wing, which clearly shows our nation's character, for we undertake everything, finish nothing, and destroy with ardor rather than build with perseverance.

Nothing could point more clearly toward perhaps the greatest of all besetting "troubles" with the French: *l'ennui.* Though never boring (except possibly to each other), the French suffer from boredom more than any other race on earth. It is what so often has pushed them to, and sometimes over, the brink of disaster; what sent them to war and defeat in 1870, what encouraged the students almost to overturn the Republic in 1968, and what made the electorate substitute the unknown perils of the Left for the hubristic Giscard last year.

PARALYZING BUREAUCRACY and centralization, an excess of cerebralism combined with a paucity of practicality, a rash tendency to pursue extremes of boredom with the status quo. It is a depressing picture, until M. Peyrefitte cheers us up with a reminder that French convulsions are "rarely as serious as they are imagined abroad." So France will soon tire of the Socialist experiment, one assumes. Meanwhile "the trouble with France" remains unchanged. M. Peyrefitte, falling a little into the pitfall of the cerebralism he condemns, has few concrete cures to offer. Yes, the bureaucrats must have their wings clipped; yes, the president must have his powers of governance reduced; yes, the French must become both more fecund and more responsible. But how? We are not told.

One is left with the kind of irony that so delights French hearts. Written while Giscard (and the author) were still in power, *The Trouble with France* condemns past failures to decentralize;

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Was a U-2 over Russia any place for a Yale man?

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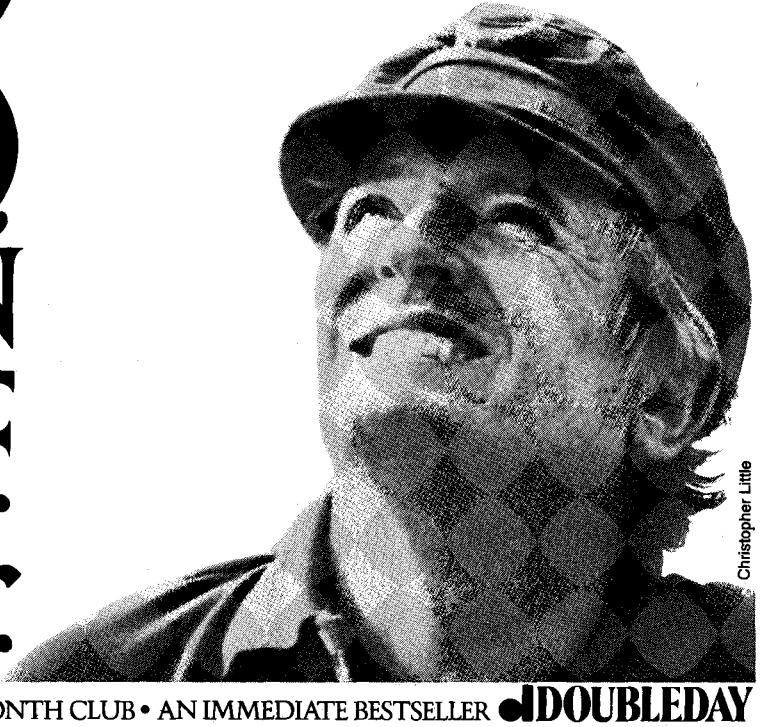
As he awaits the verdict, sitting on his straight-back chair in the Soviet courtroom, Blacky Oakes reflects wistfully that he is far from where he would like to be. But his boss, Rufus, had been charged with finding the mole. The CIA was sure he was there. How? From an unimpeachable source: Nikita Khrushchev had drunkenly quoted from National Security meeting minutes—verbatim.

Five years ago, when Bill Buckley wrote a novel, it seemed an unusual thing to do. Three bestsellers later, it's a natural. One of them has won an American Book Award. The current one is a Main Selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club. "Above all, this thriller thrills and entertains," wrote John Braine about *Who's On First?* In *The New Republic*, Robin Winks said: "*Stained Glass* is closer to home than le Carré has ever cut." And the advance review in *Publishers Weekly* says of MARCO POLO, IF YOU CAN: "As do all Buckley novels, this one mixes politics, humor, suspense and ingenious espionage capers in an enjoyable blend."

MARCO POLO, IF YOU CAN

A NOVEL BY

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, Jr.



Christopher Little

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yet here is Mitterrand, in his first Hundred Days, apparently achieving just that, where de Gaulle, Pompidou, Giscard—as well as three centuries of rulers of France before them—all failed. But who will triumph in the long run? Mitterrand, or the "formidable inertia" of French bureaucracy? □

Marco Polo, If You Can
By William F. Buckley Jr.
Doubleday, 233 pp., $13.95

THE INNOCENCE OF BLACKFORD OAKES

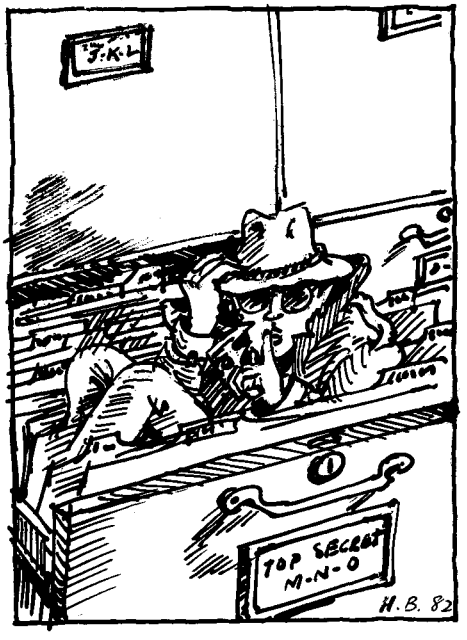
TERRY TEACHOUT

The thriller, an infinitely elastic category which covers everything from Graham Greene's starkest "entertainments" to Mickey Spillane's bloodiest slugfests, frequently tends for some reason to be rather humorless. A steady flow of wisecracks, of course, is perfectly acceptable within the context of a sufficiently hard-boiled style; but the light touch has been pretty much verboten when it comes to narrating the exploits of private eyes and burnt-out spies. Fortunately, there are a few worthy exceptions to this drab rule: the domestic comedy of Rex Stout's Nero Wolfe books comes to mind, as does the low camp of Gore Vidal's Edgar Box trilogy—and, among more recent entries, we have the stylishly neo-revisionist antics of CIA agent Blackford Oakes, who is at it again in William F. Buckley Jr.'s new novel, *Marco Polo, If You Can.*

Mr. Buckley, needless to say, is a very funny man when it suits him, and it suits him quite often when he is writing about Mr. Oakes. Indeed, his contagiously high spirits manifest themselves throughout the Blackford Oakes series in a variety of engaging ways: the sheer cheek of ventriloquizing such august personages as Dean Acheson and Dwight Eisenhower; the consummate gall implicit in the invention of, say, a KGB career man who reads NATIONAL REVIEW with furtive relish; and, above all, the genuine wit of Oakes himself, a delightful fellow with a decidedly impish streak. (Who else, for instance, would have paused just prior to bedding the Queen of England for a quick meditation on what his *Who Was Who* entry might look like were he to be beheaded for violating the fornication provisions of the Treason Act of 1351?)

It is an open secret, however, that Mr. Buckley's purpose in writing these novels is a didactic one; beneath all their disarming revelry, the adventures of Blackford Oakes are intended to explain and justify the Byzantine ways of the CIA to a wider public. In each book, the author posits an imaginary CIA operation guaranteed to set liberal teeth firmly on edge—the assassination of a bad guy in the line of duty, the assassination of a very, very good guy in order to forestall a possible strike on Western Europe by the Russians, the deliberate sabotage of the American space program so as to galvanize the general will—and then proceeds to demonstrate its historical necessity. Given such circumstances, Mr. Buckley is saying, here is the sort of thing the CIA would have done, like it or not; and, though the pill is sweetly coated with lots of good-natured sex and good-humored banter, the medicine inside is definitely for use by adults only.

In preparing these fictional briefs for the defense of his former (1951-52) employers Mr. Buckley inevitably comes up against an ethical issue of the utmost importance to men of good will: Shall the end justify the means? "To live is to maneuver," Whittaker Chambers once said to the creator of Blackford Oakes, and that maxim could easily be taken as the unspoken moral of all four Oakes novels; but Mr. Buckley has additionally chosen to take a stronger, even more explicit stand on the eternal question of ends and means. Midway through *Saving the Queen*, the author causes his protagonist to reflect on the relevance of an old Latin tag picked up at Greyburn College: *Quod licet Jovi, non licet bovi.* "He did not fully understand it then," Mr. Buckley writes, "but did now, and though he realized it could be used in defense of indefensible propositions, nevertheless, correctly applied, it was unchallengeable: That which it is permitted for Jove to do is not necessarily permitted for a cow to do. We might in secure conscience lie and steal in order to secure the escape of human beings from misery or death; Stalin had no right to lie and steal in order to bring misery and death to others. Yet, viewed without paradigmatic moral coordinates, simpletons would say, simply: *Both sides lied and cheated*—a plague on both their houses."



NOW MR. BUCKLEY never stoops to pretending that it is easy to lie or steal (or kill) just as long as you keep your paradigmatic moral coordinates dry. Oakes, who boggled at cold-blooded murder in *Stained Glass*, is actually driven out of the CIA by his scruples in *Who's on First.* But he knows that, in a world full of evil, those who accept the terrible responsibility of imposing the death penalty must also endlessly proclaim the innocence of the executioner or stand by as their moral authority is eroded by public cynicism; and these novels proclaim the innocence of Blackford Oakes and the rectitude of his cause with an eloquence which all their sportiveness cannot obscure. In a literary genre which has become increasingly preoccupied with the universal amorality of spies and their masters, such an attitude has a refreshingly tonic effect. It also has an oddly familiar ring. No doubt James Bond or Willie Ashenden would have steered clear of discussing espionage in terms of its moral imperatives—but Father Brown would have been right at home talking over with Blackford Oakes the daily dilemmas of those who do wrong to do right; and it is this ethical awareness, combined with the skills of a born writer, which makes the Oakes novels the only modern thrillers that can plausibly be compared to the much-loved masterpieces of Mr. Buckley's distinguished forebear G. K. Chesterton.

In *Marco Polo, If You Can*, as it happens, the moral issues at stake are more clear-cut than usual, and emphasis is placed firmly on the machinations

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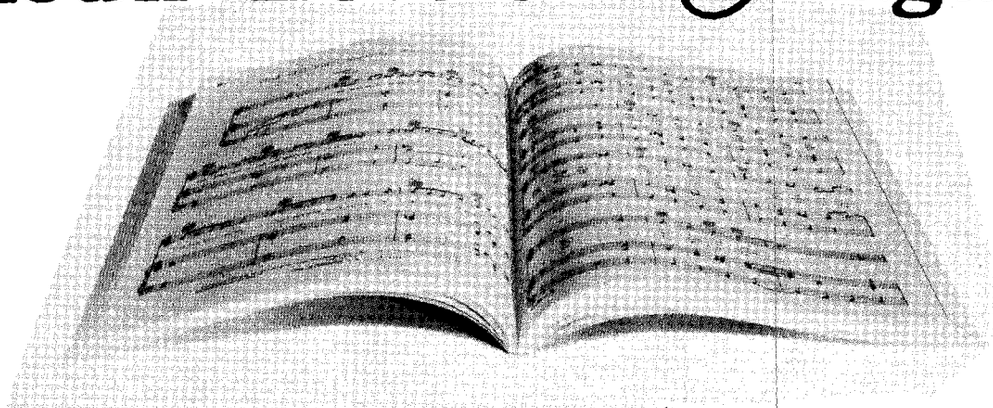

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of Mr. Buckley's brilliant plot, with superlatively exciting results. Blackford Oakes, after a stretch as an architect, is lured back into the CIA (not that he played hard to get) in order to take part in a Rufus-devised scheme of formidable complexity which revolves around a slip of the tongue by Nikita Khrushchev, a "mole" in a *very* high place, and a mission which comes dangerously near to earning Oakes a bullet in the brain courtesy of the friendly folks who brought you the Lubyanka. It would be rude to tell more—but once you've finished reading *Marco Polo, If You Can*, it'll be a long time before you'll again be able to swallow the "official" version of why that U-2 went down over Russia in 1960.

Naturally, all the patented Buckleyisms familiar to old Blackford Oakes fans are here in abundance. (Sample: "He homed in on his own, took off his sweater, sat down in the little armchair, and began to read Buckley's *Up from Liberalism*. But his mind wandered. Hardly Buckley's fault.") There's even a new character, sort of; Dean Acheson's normally showy part is trimmed to a mere walk-on this time around in order to make room for J. Edgar Hoover. Nevertheless, anyone in search of a top-notch spy thriller, political inclinations notwithstanding, need look no further than *Marco Polo, If You Can*; and anyone with lingering doubts about the wisdom of allowing Western intelligence agencies to launch covert operations ought to read it closely and think twice. □

RANDOM NOTES

■ More February Titles: John Ehrlichman's *Witness to Power* (Simon & Schuster, $17.50) is another contribution to the Prince of the Ring series about the doings and misdoings of the mythical King Milhous and his Dirty Knights in the faraway land of Watergate long, long ago. . . . *The Imperial Rockefeller: A Biography of Nelson A. Rockefeller* (Simon & Schuster, $16.50), by Joseph E. Persico, a Rockefeller speechwriter, is well worth a look. . . . Maurice Isserman's *Which Side Were You On: The American Communist Party during the Second World War* (Wesleyan, $17.95) lays out the sordid record of a party which, as one pre-publication reviewer put it, "ultimately fell victim to their own highly selective approach to civil liberties." . . . Roberta S. Karmel, who was the first female SEC commissioner (under Carter) and a former "unquestioning liberal," describes, in *Regulation by Prosecution: The Securities and Exchange Commission v. Corporate America* (Simon & Schuster, $20.75) how she has become "a skeptical regulator" concerned with "revitalizing America's economic energies."

Wilfrid Sheed's excellent biography *Clare Boothe Luce* (Dutton, $14.50) is the work of a first-class mind and of a man who has known his subject since his early teens. . . . William Barrett, who from 1945 to 1952 was an associate editor of *Partisan Review*, creates an interesting volume of literary history with his portraits of people like Edmund Wilson, Mary McCarthy, and Sidney Hook in *The Truants: Adventures among the Intellectuals* (Anchor/Doubleday, $15.95).

■ Book Biz: Several publishing houses are planning to issue books this spring about the continuing crisis in Poland. Among these are *The Polish August* (Viking, $14.95) by Neal Ascherson, a British journalist, and *Strike for Freedom: The Story of Lech Walesa and the Polish Solidarity Movement* (Dodd, Mead, $12.95), by Robert Eringer, an American newsman. —CW

A Blueprint for Judicial Reform
Edited by Patrick B. McGuigan and Randall R. Rader
Free Congress Foundation, 382 pp., $10.95

EQUALIZING THE PEOPLE

JOSEPH SOBRAN

A Blueprint for Judicial Reform is not really a blueprint, but a series of essays on the problem of the judiciary. Many of the contributors propose specific reforms; four of them are U.S. senators, so the book would be worthy of attention even if it were less consistently incisive than, in fact, it is.

The problem is roughly this: one of our three branches of government behaves arbitrarily, and it can apparently be countermanded only by constitutional amendment. What do we do?

Senator John East brings exquisite logic to bear, pointing out that John Marshall's argument for judicial *review* gives no grounds for the claim of virtual judicial *supremacy*. Yes, if the Court must choose between statute X and the Constitution, it must choose the Constitution. But this is presumably true of the other branches of government too, and it doesn't address the question of *what* the Court's area of jurisdiction may be—a question the Constitution itself leaves to Congress. "Nothing in the Constitution requires that the federal courts have jurisdiction over every constitutional case, and the plain language of Article III gives Congress the power to deny such jurisdiction."

William Stanmeyer points out the Court's "ultimate structural flaw: it is judge in its own case." It has taken to deciding the limits of its own jurisdiction. Stanmeyer sees this less as an affront to the other two branches than to the sovereign people themselves.

"What we must do," he says, "is equalize the courts and the people. This means we must develop a structural, institutional way either to make it as easy for the people to amend the Constitution as it is for the Court—or to make it as hard for the Court to amend the Constitution as it is for the people." Preferring the latter course, he suggests an amendment allowing Congress to override the courts.

Senator Orrin Hatch makes a pungent case against "affirmative action" and, what is worse, the intellectual, moral, cultural, and juridical degeneration its prevalence implies: "The idea of a 'color-blind' Constitution, as referred to by the elder Justice Harlan in his classic *Plessy* dissent, now seems more remote than during even the most entrenched days of Jim Crow and Theodore Bilbo." John Ashcroft carries this theme further, contending that the juridical success of racial relocation programs ("forced busing") shows that the courts have shifted from being "guardians of individual rights" to being "balancers of class interests." A radical change indeed: "The two roles are incompatible. Individual rights, while they may be limited in scope, are absolute within their boundaries; class interests, on the other hand, tend to be defined relative to other interests."

Michael Hammond and Senator Charles E. Grassley argue that Congress should be less diffident about its role. Hammond urges Congress to interpret the Constitution for itself, and to *act* on its interpretation, instead of letting the judiciary and legal profes-

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sionals push it around. Senator Grassley tactfully recalls the difficulties of getting a straight answer from Sandra Day O'Connor during her confirmation hearings, and wonders why there should *be* hearings if, as Mrs. O'Connor and so many advocates of an "independent" judiciary insist, it is "improper" for a prospective Justice to give straight answers about his or her philosophy.

What ever happened to the Tenth Amendment? John Doolittle makes a succinct challenge to the doctrine of "implied powers" by asking *why* the Framers bothered a) listing *express* powers in Article I and b) passing a Tenth Amendment of apparently nugatory effect. Any honest answer will have to distinguish between "implied powers" and *carte blanche*. Presumably the Framers meant the Tenth Amendment to suggest something other than that the states could have whatever powers the Federal Government didn't have an appetite for.

Jules Gerard proposes an extensive revision of Article III itself, amplifying Congress's power to define the courts' jurisdiction and to remove, by means short of impeachment, bad judges. It is clear that Alexander Hamilton was too optimistic when he deemed the judiciary the "least dangerous" of the three branches, since it had neither force nor will, but merely judgment: he could not foresee Supreme Court rulings resulting in millions of deaths.

Other essays in the book deal with administrative law, the establishment clause of the First Amendment, and the funding of the Legal Services Corporation. But most revolve around the questions posed by the editors: "Has the Supreme Court acted unconstitutionally? If this nation's highest court is the sole arbiter of whether actions legally comply with the Constitution, what prevents the Court itself from acting beyond constitutional limits?"

It is encouraging that conservatives are now forcing these basic questions to the fore, and that even a few liberals have been squirming at the realization that they have been trusting the Court to be, as Stanmeyer says, "judge in its own case." The proposals in *A Blueprint for Judicial Reform* are going to become very interesting in the years ahead: assuming that liberalism continues to decline in prestige, we are likely to find an awful lot of stubborn liberal ideologues on the federal benches, thanks to the lower-level court-packing

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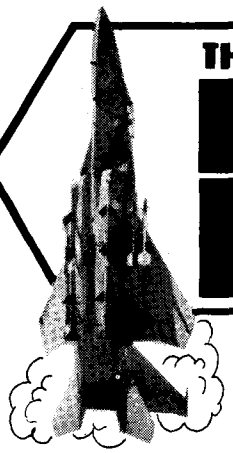

THE BALANCE OF MILITARY POWER

Foreword by Dr. J.M.A.H. Luns
Secretary General, NATO

"What is the government spending our money on?" many concerned citizens ask. But examining Soviet and American defense capabilities only tells part of the story in one of the critical issues of our time. Better to ask "Is our defense money being well spent?" THE BALANCE OF MILITARY POWER answers both of these questions.

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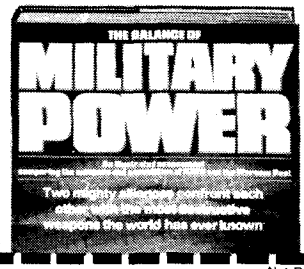

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of Jimmy Carter, for which Providence has compensated us, perhaps inadequately, by seeing to it that Carter was the only President never to have made a Supreme Court appointment.

Whether or not the arrogations of the courts can be entirely undone, the kind of unaccustomed critical attention this book focuses on them will probably restrain them from attempting much more. They have had power in great part because people *thought* they had it, but nobody thinks so any more. □

FILM

TO RUSSIA, WITH LOVE

JOHN SIMON

There were, I think, two ways of making a film about John Reed—author of *Ten Days That Shook the World*, the principal American buried in the Kremlin—and Louise Bryant, his fellow journalist, fellow Communist, and wife. Either you could stick to historical facts, with minor elisions, imaginative guesses, and clarifications added as necessary. Or you could create a fiction based on these real-life characters, preferably not using their actual names. *Reds*, which Warren Beatty co-scripted with Trevor Griffiths, directed, and starred in, falls squarely between the two stools.

We get such flimsy inventions as the now separated husband, Jack, seeking out Louise on a French World War I battlefront to persuade her, amid much marital infighting, to come to Russia with him to cover the brewing Revolution. Just when we assume that Reed is alone on the train to Petrograd, who should come flouncing in, plunking herself down opposite him, and announcing the ground rules that exclude sex, but Louise. And the Petrograd sequences duly switch between fighting, strikes, fevered politics, and Louise and Jack in separate beds (he on a nasty couch), throwing snowballs at each other, playfully tagging along in the march of history, and, as the Revolution succeeds, copulating to the loud strains of the "Internationale," to be, from now on, bedfellows as well as fellow-travelers. War and revolution are mostly an exotic background to spice up the screwball comedy of battling, wisecracking lovers: while the Revolution is bringing up baby Jack, Jack is educating his girl Friday—oops, Louise.

Fiction becomes even more arrant when, after the Revolution, Louise travels from the U.S. under monstrous hardships to seek out Jack in a Finnish prison whence he has just been sprung, then, through further perils and privations, treks after him to Russia, in episodes and shots that clearly derive from *Doctor Zhivago*. But, at the same time, *Reds* tries to touch upon all the main points of Reed's public and private life, from an almost subliminal sequence of Jack as he covers Pancho Villa's uprising, through his quizzical courtship of Louise, Greenwich Village bohemian days, literary ambitions and journalistic successes, co-founding of the Provincetown Players and temporary loss of Louise to Eugene O'Neill, political activism and brief stint in jail, gallant flouting of serious kidney trouble, founding of the Communist Labor Party as an embattled splinter group, trips (not quite all of them) to Russia, elec-

tion to the Soviet Executive Committee, all the way to his end as a quasi-martyred hero dying, after numerous marital ups and downs, nursed by his darling wife. Cause of death: typhus; age: three days short of thirty-three.

Though originally even longer, the film, as released, is not exactly short at two hundred minutes; still, trying to cover all this and more, it is forced to reduce its factual elements to something like a cross between caricature and an illustrated primer. The cutting is often so disastrous—surely through no fault of the gifted Dede Allen and Craig McKay at the head of the team of editors—that we don't know what happened. Thus when a Bolshevik train Reed is riding on is ambushed by not clearly identified counter-revolutionary forces, Jack, unarmed and on foot, chases after the mounted attackers. Cut to something entirely different, and we are left wondering whether our hero, steadily harassed by Zinoviev and other *apparatchiks*, was trying (absurdly) to fight the assailants or merely join them.

AGAIN, REED'S most significant achievement, his innovative journalism—Walter Lippmann said about *Insurgent Mexico* that "with Jack Reed reporting begins"—is given short shrift; *Ten Days That Shook the World* is barely mentioned in the movie. And the Jack-Louise-O'Neill triangle, though dealt with at considerable length, is greatly romanticized and made much less interesting than the messier, almost sordid, truth. Yet the greatest problem is that political thought and action are grossly oversimplified if treated at all. Figures like Kerensky, Lenin, Trotsky, or, even closer to home, Emma Goldman, Max Eastman, Louis Fraina, etc., pop in and out of the film, but we get only the haziest notions of what they stood for and what Jack's attitude toward them was.

Indeed, the film's view of Communism and Bolshevism remains vague (characteristically, Emma Goldman even pronounces the word as "Boltchevism") as it keeps giving off contradictory signals about both American Communism and the Russian Revolution. There is not enough clarity even for artistic ambiguity; political issues mostly serve to make Jack and Louise appear more or less heroic, passionate, quixotic, or bumbling according to what strikes the filmmakers as most dramatic at any given moment.

There is also a curious device: 32 so-called "witnesses" appear from time to time, singly or in pairs, reminiscing in close-up about the Jack and Louise they knew. They include such figures as Roger Baldwin, Henry Miller, Adela Rogers St. Johns, Scott Nearing, Will Durant, Rebecca West, George Jessel, and Hamilton Fish, but they are never labeled, so that, if we do not recognize them and do not know their political histories, we cannot tell with how many grains of salt to take their testimonies. Yet these old, wise or childish, preternaturally unlined or movingly spider-

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webbed and runneled faces—shot against a blackness that has since then, in real life, swallowed several of them—are true and beautiful, and what they say, even when it is malicious or fey, irrelevant or riddled with touching memory lapses, has an aura of authenticity about it that is absent from most of the screenplay. Hence these talking portraits, exquisitely photographed by Vittorio Storaro (the rest of his camera work, though equally fine, cannot have the same haunting starkness), steal the show. For here, however faultily conceived or falteringly or mischievously expressed, are ideas and some disturbing truths, which most of the film proper carefully evades.

An additional deadweight is Diane Keaton's Louise. Always a mannered actress—if a few stock expressions mercilessly overused merit the term mannerisms—Miss Keaton is also totally out of place and period in her gestures, inflections, tics. This is not a World War I Oregonian who ran away from her dentist husband but a post-World War II escapee from a New York psychiatrist's couch. The real Louise Bryant was an even paltrier figure than her movie counterpart, but she was charming and vivacious; Miss Keaton suggests a perpetual, dreary analysand endlessly discussing her shrink with anyone who will listen. As Jack Reed, Warren Beatty is dashing and mercurial, but also too cute and less than convincing both in his political passion and in his private anguish over Louise or his failure as an artist.

AMONG THE supporting players, however, only George Plimpton is an embarrassment; everyone else, however ludicrously skimpy the part may be, is at least good, and there is particularly impressive work from Maureen Stapleton as Emma Goldman, and the novelist Jerzy Kosinski as the sinister bureaucrat Zinoviev. Jack Nicholson, as O'Neill, is more restrained and to the point than he has been in a long while; but he is too laid-back, unintellectual, wise-guyish of voice, aspect, and manner for this tormented, complicated, much deeper figure.

Beatty and Griffiths's dialogue is adequate as long as it stays off the big issues and ideas, and not without its moments of cleverness. But the Greenwich Village and Provincetown sequences become tiresome with their mechanistic alternation of "seriousness" and bo-

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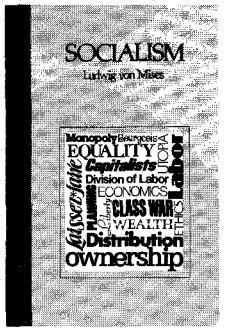

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By Ludwig von Mises

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hemian frivolity, of partying and the Party. And much too much time is spent on "humanizing" Jack and Louise with their love of Christmas trees, bits of furniture, soulful children, and an ultrasoulful puppy that grows into the most golden of retrievers, whose scratching on the bedroom door becomes the obbligato for Jack and Louise's lovemaking. When the dog disappears—done in, it seems, by an ornery FBI agent—it comes as no surprise that the Reeds' lovemaking days are over.

Beatty's direction is commendable when it avoids dogs and tots. It is brisk, uses space and movement well, and can compete with Eisenstein when it comes to the taking of the Winter Palace. Not because of equal talent, to be sure, but because of superior technology and a budget of between $30 and $50 million. Never exactly boring, sometimes entertaining, *Reds* is frequently irritating and finally disappointing. In a famous phrase, Hölderlin called the Germans "idea-rich and action-poor"; *Reds* is the exact, disconcerting opposite. □

THEATER

ANOTHER CHRISTMAS CAROL

LINDA BRIDGES

If *Nicholas Nickleby* did not take 8½ hours and cost $100 to see, would it still be the show everyone is talking about this season?

Yes, obviously—but not in the same way. There is something knobbly and easy to grasp hold of in such facts (the evil schoolmaster Wackford Squeers could tell you that), turning a theater review into a national news story.

Of course, the ticket price is in the technical sense an accident; the cost could have been made up by private donations or (leaving aside the question of where such policies take a country in the long run) by taxpayer subsidy. But the length of the show is not an accident. The more usual two-hour stage and film adaptations have no room for the quintessentially Dickensian variety of character and incident.

But *Nickleby* differs just as much from the elaborate period realism of

Masterpiece Theatre. It's as if the director had said: I want to try something. I want to see if we can hold you in your seat for 8½ hours, if we can make you laugh and cry and cheer, without ever letting you forget for very long that you're watching actors in a theater. We shan't have much in the way of backdrops, for example—no, we could never change them fast enough; Dickens cross-cuts like a modern filmmaker. So you'll be seeing our backstage machinery, not to mention our actors waiting in the wings.

This decision to dispense with conventional illusion left the scriptwriter and the directors (David Edgar, Trevor Nunn, and John Caird) free to use other unconventional devices as well—for example, narration, which permits them to squeeze even more into their 510 minutes, and also to salvage a great deal of fine Dickensian prose. At any moment, furthermore, Roger Rees (Nicholas) or Emily Richard (his sister, Kate) or John Woodvine (their uncle, Ralph) may start discussing his or her own character in the third person.

ONE MIGHT think such devices would cut off any emotional involvement, but no. Take the famous scene in Dotheboys Hall in which the schoolmaster, Squeers (Alun Armstrong), is beating the unfortunate boy Smike (David Threlfall). Nicholas, who is meant to be Squeers's second-in-command, rebels, wrests the cane away from his master, and beats him nearly to death. Now, from where I sat in the theater, one had no difficulty seeing how the actors faked the violence. Any B movie would have done it more realistically, and so I remember thinking at the moment. But no movie, and no other play, has had the same after-effect: spasms of pity and outrage that continue long after the play has ended.

In a very different vein, at the beginning of the second half they do a super-quick summary of what has gone before. However, some of the characters don't look quite as we expect them to. Nearly all the forty-some actors in the company take two or more characters (the only exceptions being Roger Rees and, almost, David Threlfall, who also appears briefly as an emblematic starving child in the final scene), and in this summary some of them do a line or two from one of their roles while wearing the very different makeup of another. Thus we see the hoydenish Fanny Squeers in the person of the glamorous Miss Snevellicci (Suzanne Bertish); the cold, fashionable rake Sir Mulberry Hawk becomes the bluff, good-hearted Yorkshireman John Browdie (Bob Peck); that wholesome-looking young waiter (John McEnery) turns out to be the wheedling, dissolute demi-gigolo Mantalini. These revelations are both great fun for the audience and a well-deserved showcase for the actors; they also hint at an apposite moral point: character may be destiny, but physique is not character.

AND CHARACTER, in all senses, is so much of what Dickens is about. Of the major characters here, Kate is perhaps the least to a modern taste; she is as brave as her brother, but she lacks his sense of humor. As for Nicholas himself, when we first meet him he really is not, as one critic described him, "St. George in a waistcoat"; he is an ordinary decent young Englishman—a bit conscious of his own decency, at that, and with more than a little family pride. When he goes to that Yorkshire torture chamber disguised as a school, he feels genuine sympathy for the boys, but what makes him want to die is his own degraded position. He initially repays Smike's devotion to him only with pity and kindness; a real return of affection doesn't come until later—but it does come, and it leaches the self-righteousness out of him.

And Nicholas grows into rather a great figure; but Dickens, and the Royal Shakespeare Company, were creating a

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fully peopled secondary world, not a solitary hero, and Nicholas is surrounded by a whole stageful of notable others. Smike (the adapters having decided to illustrate his afflictions by making him physically deformed) seems at first merely grotesque; along with Nicholas, we come to know his radiant generosity. The usurer Ralph is, not the melodrama villain delighting in evil, but just a quietly amoral man, who decided in boyhood never to let emotion interfere with self-interest; ironically, it is when he breaks that rule—not for love but for hatred—that his own life falls apart, and he becomes nearly tragic. Newman Noggs (Edward Petherbridge), who "kept his horses and hounds once" and now lives in penury as Ralph's clerk, is saved from being merely pathetic by his sardonic humor and his spurts of terrified, indecisive courage. In a fine little vignette, Lord Frederick Verisopht (Nicholas Gecks), a sort of Bertie Wooster gone to the dogs, bleats out his own reinvention of moral philosophy, compounded of half-forgotten copybook phrases and his admiration of Nicholas's chivalry. The Cheeryble Brothers (David Lloyd Meredith and Hubert Rees) are a pair of comically benevolent capitalists—they, along with Smike, teach Nicholas that sometimes it is more blessed to receive than to give. And on and on and on—they're all there, and not one that isn't marvelous.

But the final image of the play belongs to Nicholas. As his new extended family sings "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen," he is drawn away by the sight of a starving child at the front of the stage; he goes over and picks him up, cradling him in his arms as he did the dying Smike. But the look on Nicholas's face is not one of gentle pity. He is *angry*; and while his anger and his grief do not invalidate the caroling and laughter in the background, they modify it essentially, and give us Dickens, steadily and whole. □

The GIMLET EYE

FORMERLY GLEASON'S GYM

D. KEITH MANO

All day the automatic bell at ringside clangs: end of round or start. They keep some other time here. As though the planet, in this place, had a wobbly rotation: clang. Three minutes, stop, one minute, three, one, three. When no boxer is sparring, throughout the night for what I know, this uneven body rhythm will be announced. Does heart beat, gland clench and excrete differently from mine? They must. Left, right, left, hook off your left: the heavy bag, that EVerlaSTing tank-town pug, has lost by unanimous decision again. In the two rings—an 18-footer, a twenty—men alone back and feint, each like some paranoid hard-pressed by his own favorite dream of fear. Shoulders come up to butt ear and ear: huge shrugging: immense indecision. One lightweight near me poses for a mirror: checking out balance there and maybe, too, the credibility of his fierceness. Then—whack—I'm hurt. A wire-hard jump rope has slashed at my wrist. The jumper, nucleus with fleet electron blur around, will not apologize. And perhaps that blow was intentional. I don't really belong here. My time is still sixty undifferentiated minutes in an hour.

I'm at the New Garden Gym. Formerly Gleason's: even you might know that name. Formerly and still the most influential sweatshop for fighters in New York. Boxing, deader than a phosphate detergent since 1965 or so, is on the make once more: you can hear "prize" in prize-fight again. Remember *The Graduate*? How that guy leaned over to Dustin Hoffman and said, "Let me whisper one word in your ear—plastics." The one word today is—cable. Cable has come and it eats events: your wooden wedding would be prime-time stuff. As TV in 1955 made lunch of (and temporarily destroyed) the fight business, so now there is a successor glutton. Ira Becker, who bought New Garden last year, will tape bouts there. And, in time, feed the beast from his own fight stable. "You saw Tommy Hearns here today. Twenty-odd years of age and already he's made a million. If Cooney wins the title he'll make the earnings of Ali seem like nothing."

Yes, Ali. It's a dream bout for the sociological matchmaker: Muhammad Ali and Sugar Ray Leonard. Two men: two times. Though Ali did CPR on boxing for more than one decade, in the main event he sucker-punched it out. First, Ali was a heavyweight: by comparison the lighter divisions seemed not much more than athletic backfill. Ali could promote himself with bitter charm: he came on like the revenge of Stepin Fetchit. And his stance toward America was adversary: each fight had the shape of a parable. His opponents, even his black opponents, represented Vietnam, Watergate, whatever. But Sugar Ray Leonard is no Muslim separatist. With one flurry he put the boxer-radical image on Queer Street. Leonard also proved that you could weigh 140 pounds and still pull down eight million per match. His attitute has been Middle American: he was made for and by TV. Leonard fights, with emotion held in escrow, like a Harvard MBA. And this intelligent, centrist pose has influenced other minority children. It is acceptable now to box. The mother

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Dark Horses

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

FOR THE second time in five years," writes F. Clifton White of the events of June 5, 1968, "a Marxist assassin's bullets had killed a Kennedy. And both times they killed my chances of managing a successful presidential campaign for a Republican opponent of a Kennedy." Carefully distilled in those two sentences is the informing perspective of Mr. White's *Why Reagan Won* (Regnery/Gateway, $14.95), written with the help of William J. Gill.

Sometimes, as in the quotation above, the result is delightful; at other times it is a little maddening in its suggestion that the *chief* reason Ronald Reagan was elected President in 1980 was that F. Clifton White persevered some 15 years to see that his friend Ron made it into the Oval Office. Of course all politicians, whether they be elected or, like White, paid strategists, have very large egos (though White keeps insisting that President Reagan does not); and I would certainly not argue that White has written a self-serving book. He has, however, written a self-centered one which, intentionally or not, portrays its author—I mean, one of its authors—as Mr. Conservative: a puckish, bright-eyed fellow, younger and more sophisticated-looking than Uncle Sam, and wearing a bow tie, better-kempt hair, and no beard. Well: if that is how Mr. White sees himself, why argue about it? He certainly *is* entitled to a very great deal of credit in the forging of the new conservative consensus; and he has written a very interesting book about the process. Indeed, his is to my knowledge the first to put the Reagan landslide in historical perspective. And in *Why Reagan Won*, you get it from an insider.

The Tom Wickers and Arthur Schlesingers who crowed in victory and relief in 1964, declaring to all and sundry that the tumultuous defeat of Barry Goldwater represented the popular ratification of post-modern liberalism, did not know it, but what they had just witnessed was not the end of their beautiful beginning but the beginning of their ignominious end (which neither Mr. White nor I have the imprudence to believe has yet come upon them). Life is unfair, as even President Kennedy knew; and, as Ronald Reagan once observed, "I refuse to believe that the Good Lord divided this world into Republicans, who defend basic values, and Democrats, who win elections." Thus a cruel trick was played upon the Great Society boys, of whom in the mid-Sixties it could be said, even more than of most people, that in the midst of life they were in death. In four succinct chapters Mr. White discusses the postwar conservative movement—its intellectual history, its burgeoning think tanks, its pundits and oracles, its cadre of political pros—and demonstrates conclusively that from the time of the Goldwater nomination the election of Ronald Reagan, or someone like him, was almost foreordained, if not in 1980 then a little sooner or a little later.

AS WHITE interprets American political history between 1964 and 1980, these 16 years were a time in which popular disillusionment with liberalism was growing ineluctably, if not always consciously, and when an amalgamating union of national politicians was feeling its way toward a truly conservative agenda, in the formulation of which it became increasingly explicit, consistently more bold. In 1968 the coalescing majority was split at the national level between pragmatists and principlists (although the most conservative Nixon supporters were philosophically happier with Reagan, Mr. White believes, they thought Nixon had the better chance of winning in November); and 1976 was a different sort of year, haunted still by Watergate. But in 1980 the new majority dressed in its best and went out and voted its mind by electing the man White calls "the leader of the conservative cause in America for 15 years."

And what has Mr. White himself learned these 15 years? Just this: ". . . that modern political pragmatism is often totally divorced from political reality." □

of a 16-year-old featherweight can approve: boxing has become a career. My son the canvasback.

"Those first couple of years are very difficult: because there's no income. So the kid has to work on the side. Then, after three years, he's fighting four-rounders, getting $150 to $200. Now you gotta think in terms of another year before he begins to build a reputation. Six-rounders: maybe $400, $500. Then, if the kid has held up and has a decent record, he could begin to make money—$1,500 for a main event in New York. Could be $5,000 if you take him to South America or Europe. It takes four or five years to make a fighter."

I look up at the ring. A novice is doing hornbook work on his jab: the alphabet song, more or less. His trainer fields punches: on each hand he has a flat hard leather glove-target. Whop, bop, miss, whop: the rookie is awkward: his balance spills out like wind from a sail. Again and again he will be vulnerable as Wake Island. The trainer has become irritated: he hands out some remedial education, one-two-three with potholder stiff glove. The student is taken aback: his skull, looking cauliflowered in protective headgear, absorbs a lesson. Yet boxing, done well, can be elegant: a mobile is not more responsive. If Man One moves so, there must occur—by reductive logic—certain configurations of attack. The great boxer will arrange any music for his own orchestral strength. But even a plodder may memorize tunes enough to get by on. Jab: advance the bishop pawn. Counterpunch and exchange knight for queen. Surround the king, your opponent's consciousness. Bore in on him. And mate.

Ira Becker is thoughtful. "If you can get a kid that'll devote himself to all the rigors and disciplines of the art—and keep him in that gymnasium and work him into condition for a period of a year or so—you can bet your bottom dollar he's going to go a long way in the fight business. There are so few kids that'll make that kind of commitment." The market has opened up: you don't need to be a natural any more. Four or five years: boxing can be matriculated at. The equivalent, in time, of a BA, and more practical probably. What with over-registered law schools and executive training programs that have been cut back, maybe it'd be wise even for middle-class white children to get a trainer instead of a degree. The game is

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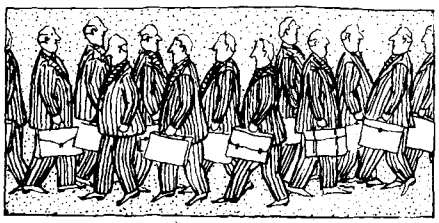

alive again: tell your sons. And if they don't make it in the ring, hell, at least no employment agency honcho will say, "Too bad, I'm afraid you're overqualified." □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE BUREAUCRACY OF TRUTH, *by Paul Lendvai (Westview, 285 pp., $25).* Many persist in the mistaken belief that the Soviet Union will, as a result of economic and cultural exchanges with the West, eventually moderate its messianic geopolitical goals. These optimistic observers predict that the convergence of the Western and Eastern systems will even allow the winds of political freedom to penetrate the Iron Curtain. Paul Lendvai strongly disagrees. The Hungarian émigré has been a student of Communism ever since the eight years he worked as a journalist in his native land. He is currently a reporter for the *Financial Times* of London, and during the past two decades he has spent considerable time in Eastern Europe. Notwithstanding some surface changes in the Soviet bloc, Lendvai insists that media censorship remains the Communists' most effective weapon for managing their people. Accordingly the Soviets spend billions of dollars to control incoming and outgoing information in order to legitimize their totalitarian regime. The degree to which the Kremlin values news management can be measured by its increasing efforts to influence international opinion. The Soviets have established Third World "training centers" in East Germany and Hungary that specialize in indoctrinating susceptible journalists. Lendvai warns that the Communist media have become quite adept at influencing Western opinion through a sophisticated strategy of disinformation. Western analysts should take both the warning—and this book—quite seriously. ALAN L. MILLER

THEY STAND TOGETHER: *The Letters of C. S. Lewis to Arthur Greeves (1914-1963), edited by Walter Hooper (Macmillan, 592 pp., $13.95).* Arthur Greeves (1895-1966), a minor Northern Irish painter and writer, has one indelible claim on the public's attention. In April of 1914, when Arthur was 19, he received a visit from his 16-year-old neighbor, Clive Staples Lewis. The two instantly became friends, and confidants; since Lewis spent most of his subsequent life in England, while Greeves mostly remained in Belfast, their friendship was conducted largely through the post. The resulting correspondence gives us an oddly binocular view, with the Lewis his readers are familiar with fading in and out of focus with a rather different person. For a clue to Lewis's later brilliance as a Christian apologist, for example, one might turn to a letter from the period in which he was a dedicated atheist: he later knew how to answer those arguments so well because he himself had made them so well. In contrast to the almost preternatural forbearance and empathy of Lewis's later years, one is brought up short by the flippancy of a Georgian schoolboy, writing of Hawthorne, "What a pity such a genius should be a beastly American!" or, of his father, "Haven't heard from my esteemed parent for some time; has he committed suicide yet?" Those critics who were writing knowingly of Lewis's "fear of sexuality" a couple of years back might be chagrined to read Lewis's confessions of his own fantasies, and his compassionate tolerance of Arthur's homosexuality. Then again, for sheer comprehensiveness of vision and mastery of tone, take this excerpt from the letter written after Greeves's first book had been rejected by a publisher: "Suffering of the sort that you are now feeling is my special subject, my profession, my long suit, the thing I claim to be an expert in: and if I were not writing to a man still smarting under the novelty of the blow I should point out at length how absurd it is to dignify such disappointment with the name of suffering in a world like this. (There is a woman lives in our road who is sinking into creeping paralysis and going blind: and for the last three nights she has been awake, and crying, all night, with neuritis. She says 'I feel as if my blood was boiling in my arms.') This side of the question you cannot yet be ready to feel: it wd. be more than human if you did. I only mention it because otherwise I wd. be ashamed, in speaking of myself, to use the noble word 'suffering.' However, whether you call it 'suffering' or not, I claim to be a dab at it." LINDA BRIDGES

ENGLAND AND ALWAYS: *Tolkien's Fictional World, by Jared Lobdell (Eerdmans, 94 pp., $3.95).* This is that rare thing, a book on *The Lord of the Rings* which is neither a review (the hobbits were cute, the hobbits were nauseating), nor an orgy of pedantry, but literary criticism: how the book works or doesn't work for readers, and what Tolkien the reader had in mind while he was writing it. Lobdell compares *The Lord of the Rings* and the Edwardian adventure story (Tolkien enjoyed H. Rider Haggard as a boy); relates Tolkien's prose to his philology; and shows why a good Christian made a godless Middle Earth (it's Christian, all right, but Incarnation and Fall are still to come). Lobdell puts in one phrase the secret of the tale's success—"the interplay of hobbits and ancient world"—and observes that the hobbits are portraits of the author as a middle-aged man. Hence, "there

(Continues on page 73)

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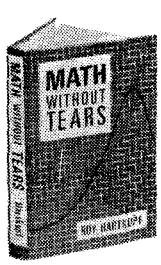

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LEE THOMAS:

All about Christmas

Christmas is the one festival of the year that never seems to lose its magic. Whatever anyone's beliefs may be, there is something about this season that exerts its own particular atmosphere that is quite unlike anything else we may experience. (Actual title *The Joy of Christmas.*)

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a word edgewise *from* An Old Liberal Cold Warrior

JOHN P. ROCHE

THE WAY TO HELP THE POLES

Boston—Initially, cards on the table: the Soviet Union is responsible for the current Polish repression. General Jaruzelski, head of the Military Council for National Redemption, is not only Moscow's viceroy, but in fact a veteran of the Soviet Army. According to my records of the Soviet order of battle in 1944, he was a member of the Soviet Polish divisions that rested quietly across the Vistula while the Nazis suppressed the Warsaw uprising; and butchered the Nationalist Polish underground.

The whole martial-law scenario was superbly sandboxed. The basic plan was clearly worked out months ago—the announced list of Solidarity leaders under arrest included three who have been abroad since the fall—but Lech Walesa and Catholic authorities were strung along. The purpose of this was to induce relaxed vigilance; after a certain number of false alarms such as those touched off by Warsaw Pact maneuvers last summer, you tend to get cocky and sloppy.

The genial palaver between Lech Walesa, General Jaruzelski, and Archbishop Glemp, the Polish Primate, was a masterstroke. Obviously, Jaruzelski was the kind of devout Communist general who would not risk mortal sin by lying to an archbishop. Optimists forgot he was the top political commissar in the Polish army, a position generally closed to seminarians.

Thus Solidarity rejected the fundamental rules of conspiracy. They did not think of themselves as conspirators, and assumed Jaruzelski took them for granted as part of the political environment. Those who knew the Soviets had to break their back began worrying about this Boy Scout approach to the KGB six or eight months ago. Indeed, leaders of the free trade union movement urged Solidarity to prepare safe-houses and an underground railroad to Austria.

Instead, with the exception of those accidentally abroad, the whole leadership was sitting in a room in Gdansk when the whistle blew. The secret police needed only one net. This despite the fact that the leaders knew there was a Judas among them—the tapes of their private strategy sessions had been played to prove their subversive intent.

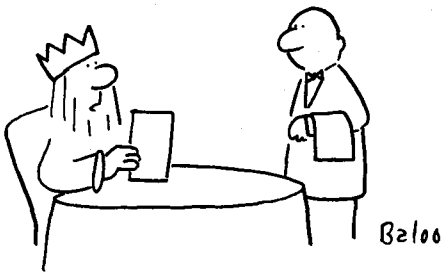
Moreover, someone must have tipped them off that Soviet Marshal Viktor Kulikov, Warsaw Pact boss, arrived in Warsaw on Friday, December 11. Solidarity is particularly strong among the transport workers, and it is rather difficult to sneak a top Soviet marshal into town incognito.

Kulikov's arrival should have been the signal for Solidarity cadres to go to ground, but it seemingly went unnoted. So much for the post-mortem, except to note that death notices for Solidarity are premature. The chaotic organizational structure of the organization which Walesa was trying to centralize may in the long run prove its salvation.

As Franco learned in Spain when trying to cope with the Catalan anarchists, you can't destroy a non-existent organization. One morning all the trolley drivers in Barcelona would wake up and decide to strike. The secret police would go bonkers trying to find the strike leadership: one actually reported to Madrid that it was accomplished by witchcraft! Already the Silesian miners are looking down the gun barrels of the Security Forces, rioting, dying, and next . . . flooding mines? This is just the first installment.

Meanwhile in the West there is much blathering. The consensus seems to be that nothing can be done. In fact, there are a number of things, some symbolic, some tough, that can and should be done. For starters, following the Rhodesian precedent, a resolution should be introduced into the United Nations General Assembly saying the Military Council for National Redemption is not the legitimate representative of the Polish nation.

Second, Solidarity should be given observer status at the UN. All nations should be called on to enforce an economic boycott on shipments to Poland. Admittedly, these measures are aimed at the janitor, not the landlord, to whom we now turn.



"I'll have the chicken à la moi."

Third, the United States should inform the landlord, Lennie Brezhnev, that, as a 75th birthday present, we are cutting off industrial and agricultural exports to the Soviet Union until it fulfills its obligations under the Helsinki agreement and frees Poland from bondage. As a further symbolic gesture we should suspend diplomatic relations with the present Polish regime, at least until the Soviet Union lives up to the 1945 Yalta agreement and sponsors free elections.

In short, hit them on every front except the military, with particular attention to the heavy construction equipment Russia desperately needs to put in that natural-gas line. The Poles are not defeated and we should not throw in the towel on their behalf. □

PAPANDREOU REVISITED

Boston—Few who have seen the Costa-Gavras film *Z* realize that the sinister oppressive force in the background was the present Greek Prime Minister Andreas Papandreou, in 1965 the grand wazir of his father, Prime Minister George Papandreou. During the years when the young were madly cheering *Z* because they believed it an attack on the wicked Colonels who couped George in April 1967, I found this a source of wry amusement.

It only hurt when I laughed. In the course of the coup Andreas Papandreou had been arrested by the junta, pressure was brought on President Johnson to save his life, LBJ put the heat on the Colonels, Papandreou was spared, and some character wrote an article in *Ramparts* saying I had opposed presidential intervention.

The whole episode is worth reviewing because it provides a lesson to those who think the decision-making process can be put on a computer. Late April 1967 in Bonn was delightful, though I was there on a sad mission: to attend with President Johnson the funeral of the only German statesman since Bismarck, Konrad Adenauer. On the 26th we climbed into Air Force One and set out for home.

Colonel Jim Cross, the chief pilot, in a vain effort to cure my fear of flying, had

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me in the vacant cockpit seat—I recall a gorgeous view of Ireland from 45,000 feet—when the whistle blew. Jim Symington, then chief of protocol, came up front and said, "Come back quick: the Old Man is going to tear the plane apart."

On Air Force One the living quarters were then in the rear and when I got there, the "Old Man" was in a roaring rage. He was bellowing to all and sundry, "Who couped who?" When I got it sorted out, I discovered there had been a coup in Greece and that all the secure communications systems on the plane—the "world's greatest communications center"—were dead. Walt Rostow was listening to the BBC. We didn't get the inside story of events in Athens until we got to Washington.

A brief interruption: Prime Minister George Papandreou was so unpopular that there had long been rumors of military coups, but our intelligence people's evaluation was that the Greek generals couldn't pull off a coup in an officers' club. They were right, but should have looked harder. Andreas Papandreou's notion that we were behind it is sheer nonsense.

To SUMMARIZE the story, the generals had planned a coup, fired the starting gun, and then found themselves overcouped by a crew of ambitious colonels who grabbed the show. There was a NATO contingency plan for dealing with, ironically, a Communist coup attempt, which involved the king, Constantine, grabbing a chopper and flying to Salonica where he would rally his troops for a reprise.

The CIA, which like everybody else had missed the Colonels scenario, did have the helicopter ready, but where was the king? Unfortunately, the possessor of the royal family's supply of guts, Queen Mother Frederika-Louise, was off visiting her family in Denmark. The king dithered, the Colonels consolidated, and within three or four days the game was over. Later he attempted some scrutable plotting and was gently kicked out.

The Colonels launched what they called a "spring cleaning," and about five thousand dissidents were arrested, among them Andreas Papandreou. By the time we got back to Washington, every economist in the country was on the phone demanding succor for Andreas, the Harvard-educated former chairman of the Berkeley economics department. Ken Galbraith claims credit for saving Andreas, but in fact Walter Heller, former member of the Council of Economic Advisors, first got to Johnson and Rostow (himself a member of the Economists' Union), and a "Critic" cable went to Ambassador Talbot in Athens to put the arm on the junta.

What got me in the cross-hairs of the *Ramparts* set was a garbled version of my irate comment to the seventh economist who called me that night. "What," I said with some exasperation, "about the other 4,999 under arrest who aren't members of the American Economic Association? Do you have any concern about their fate?"

As Papandreou's current behavior indicates, no good deed goes unpunished. His anti-Americanism is venomous, but should not be construed as pro-Communist. He is symbolic of the new nationalist revival: he identifies himself with Greece, and is beyond that an amoral political adventurer. Curiously, he reminds me of Mussolini, whose posturing concealed a powerful intellect. But whatever his pedigree, he is bad news for NATO. □

LEFT OR EAST?

Boston—There is an interesting growth industry in intellectual circles: dedicated Communist *apparatchiks* have been born again as "leading radical figures." I suspect an up-to-date obit of Josef Stalin would list him as "pre-eminent leader of world radicalism." A while back a quite silly book appeared, *The Romance of American Communism*, from which there emerged a picture of the American Communist Party in its Stalinist phase as essentially a social club dedicated to good works.

Partly this reflects the anti-Americanism that has permeated a generation of historians and social scientists—the so-called revisionists. Once they have satisfied themselves, usually without much difficulty, that the United States after World War II was quite beastly to gentle, barefoot, peace-loving Stalin, it follows that American Communists were victims of a "cold-war frenzy."

Thus there was a "witch hunt" in which men and women were persecuted for their "radical opinions." This raises two immediate definitional problems: first, there *were* Communists, whereas no one has ever known a card-carrying witch. Second, the American Communists were not "radicals"—they were under discipline from Moscow and identified "Left" with "East."

If you take the worst modern violation of civil liberties, the internment of over 75,000 American citizens for the possession of Japanese chromosomes, there were "radicals" who opposed it despite all the post-Pearl Harbor hysteria. They were the Norman Thomas Socialists, myself included, a few church groups, and a handful of intellectuals, notably Yale professor Eugene V. Rostow. The Communists supported it.

When in 1942 the Federal Government first employed the Smith Act—later used to jail the top leaders of the Communist Party—against a Minneapolis group of Trotskyists, the *Daily Worker* considered the prosecution a grand contribution to "drawing the fangs" of this minute sect. We "radicals" opposed the Smith Act, opposed its use against the Trotskyists—and its later use against the Communists. But in 1942 the Stalinists urged the Attorney General to employ it against William Randolph Hearst, Charles A. Lindbergh . . . and Norman Thomas!

In short, Communist cadres—as distinct from the constant flow of lost souls who came, stayed briefly, and left—were not "radicals." They were disciplined operatives. Only a small number ever engaged in espionage or other illegal activity: Stalin wasn't that stupid. The GPU, grandfather of the KGB, wanted clean-cut American boys, not some bird with a long record of Party affiliations.

I have gone into this in some detail because a new biography of Dashiell Hammett has touched off a wave of public flagellation over the incarceration of the "Hollywood Ten" for contempt of Congress. It all began when the House Committee on Un-American Activities decided Hollywood Communists were in the propaganda business and held some hearings: the Hollywood cadres refused to testify and went off to the jug. (We "radicals" opposed the prosecution.)

The House Committee had a talent for giving anti-Communism a bad name. The Communists never employed the movies for significant agitprop—the only film I recall that came close was *Mission to Moscow*—but for money. The "Hollywood Anti-Nazi League" could fill the Hollywood Bowl. Stars, who didn't know a Communist from a gazelle, couldn't turn down this kind of publicity. In Comintern usage it was a "milk cow."

On ANOTHER level, however, the Hollywood cadres did make a substantive input. They blocked the production of anti-Stalinist films like *Darkness at Noon*, which as a play featuring Claude Rains had spectacular billing. Beyond that they employed an effective form of censorship against anti-Stalinist authors.

Joseph Freeman, for example, the editor of the Communist cultural magazine *New Masses*, was ousted from the Party in 1939—basically for being a "radical" who had dared criticize Stalin. In 1943 he wrote a moving novel, *Never Call Retreat*, which seemed a Hollywood natural. Howard Fast, then a Stalinist stalwart, rallied the Hollywood cadres and killed the project.

In the case of my late friend Jim Farrell, "Dash" Hammett took a hand in the game. Farrell was an anti-totalitarian radical and when his *Studs Lonigan* appeared, a leading producer bought the film rights and asked Jim to do the script. The producer was shortly visited by a delegation of cadres including Hammett who said if Farrell was filmed, they would pull out their captive trade union and close down the studio! In current usage, they were "leading radical figures." □

(King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Free Lech Walesa

On The Right

New York, Dec. 25—Where are they all? Is it too early to express ourselves on the subject? Or does it require, before Lech Walesa qualifies as an international hero, that he actually effect the liberation of Poland?

Where are the labor unions? It has been years, decades even, since they had a genuine hero. We tend to forget, what with the bureaucratization of union life, that the historical champions of the working class were primarily men and women who stood up against tyranny, however expressed, whether by political leaders, imperialists, or monopolies. It is ironic that, at union conventions, you will probably hear more ballads sung to the memory of Tom Mooney, the romantic, bibulous pre-WWI leftist, than to Lech Walesa, who is very much alive, or at least was when these words were written.

It isn't that Walesa is unknown; it is that he is substantially uncelebrated. In our day we have made heroes, as distinguished from celebrities, of many Americans, and not a few foreigners. The city was, however briefly, ablaze for Lumumba. Castro's reception back in 1959 (standing ovation at Harvard) could be compared to Lindbergh's. The whole world finally decided it was easier to Free Huey Newton than to trip over all those people and signs urging that this be done. Jane Fonda will get standing ovations everywhere, save possibly the White House. Daniel Ellsberg was king of the mountain, until the mountain finally dissolved in Cambodian blood. The list is endless.

Is it that an emotional identification with Walesa is deemed provocative? I sit here wondering (but I shan't use the telephone to satisfy my curiosity) how many sermons William Sloane Coffin Jr. has given urging help for a man who attends his church every day of the week, and who stands up against tyranny in a way that Ellsberg, Fonda, and Ramsey Clark never did. The late Sir Arnold Lunn, on being named "courageous" at some ceremony or other, interrupted his prepared speech to say that he did not consider himself courageous. "They're only courageous," he said, "who risk torture, and killing, and separation from their family. Whatever I have done, in fighting Nazism and Communism, hasn't, so far as I know, threatened me in the places I regularly inhabit, Great Britain, Switzerland, and the United States." Walesa's courage, like Solzhenitsyn's, is quite simply monumental.

Although it is generally true that the Soviet Union scorns world opinion, it is not unaffected by emphatic demonstrations in the matter of individuals. It was the international concern over Solzhenitsyn that effected his delivery, and most recently Sakharov's fast, and the emotional concern expressed for his welfare, that got from the Communists the stupendous concession of permitting one young woman to come to the United States to join her husband.

International expressions of concern for Walesa are unlikely to affect Soviet determination to reaffirm their control over Poland. But heroes, more readily than nations, capture the public imagination. And the cause of Poland can be anthropomorphized. True, the Polish government, following orders from Moscow, could deport Walesa. But to do so would be to galvanize the Polish people even beyond their current state of solidarity.

At this writing it isn't known exactly where he is. Emanations are traced to him. One transmission says that he is broken-hearted. Psychologically disturbed over the adamancy of Solidarity. He wishes, it is said, that the whole thing had been managed differently. Whatever indications we have of Walesa's "thoughts" during the following few days will have been authorized by the Communists, and concocted by them. Whether, in this day and age, they would submit Walesa to the kind of treatment given to Cardinal Mindszenty in Budapest, which included chasing him about a room naked, with taunts and improvised whips, until his feet were bloody with splinters and the forgers were ready to transcribe his confession, is doubtful. That kind of thing takes a few weeks, sometimes a month or more, and one doubts the Polish surrogates have that kind of time. It can't be long before either the Polish spirit is broken, and we are left merely with one more Hungary, one more Czechoslovakia: or the Soviets come marching in, on the grounds that nothing but their active presence in the country will be sufficient.

Meanwhile, watch Walesa, and praise his name. It ranks, already, with the names of those whose devotion to their country and its freedom created, against the greatest odds, a communicable joy, resolution, self-transcendence. Free Lech Walesa. □

MR. REAGAN'S DEFICIT?

New York, Dec. 18—The projected deficit of over $100 billion in 1982 is extremely bad news, and, if you listened to such as my brother Tom Wicker, always a bad idea, you would think that Ronald Reagan had set out to eat 100 billion one-dollar-apiece jelly beans, and charge them to the taxpayers. Mr. Wicker reaches such a state of hysteria that he ends by predicting that unemployed minority teenagers will never be able to get jobs, and he italicizes the word "never." To be sure—he pauses, in order to accent his own reflectiveness—they might end up in prison.

Well, anything is possible; even that Tom Wicker will one day make sense. But let us review the situation and ask the most relevant questions, namely: How did we get into this condition, and where were Tom Wicker and Mr. Reagan's other critics when Democratic congressmen were passing all those money bills and when we were falling so far behind the Soviet Union in tactical and strategic weapons?

In 1970, the federal welfare spending was $145.9 billion.

In 1980, the federal welfare spending was $500 billion (est.).

In 1970, taxes paid in to the Treasury were $185.7 billion.

In 1980, notwithstanding that in fixed dollars the Gross National Product had not risen in ten years, taxes paid in to the Treasury as the result of inflation and the bracket creep were: $492.8 billion.

Now, one does not need to "believe" in Mr. Laffer's curve, in the sense in which you believe a navigator's map on how to get from Boston to Cleveland, in order to know that it is suggestively correct. Moreover, there is grudging unanimity on the question whether taxes should be raised, or lowered, in times of recession. Conservatives believe in lowering taxes on principle, provided these taxes are those most closely related to the rise of incentives. And economic interventionists believe that taxes should be lowered when there is recession—even if the result is inflation. Mr. Reagan's tax reductions for

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1982 may or may not equal the reduced inflation rate. His further tax reductions will not take us back to the tax load of 1970, given the inflation that came in between. Mr. Wicker's statement that we have scheduled $750 billion in tax reductions through 1984 is incorrect. The correct figure through 1984 is $280 billion.

What, then, should be done? To say that we should lower our defense expenditures is the equivalent of saying that Soviet leaders should be less bellicose. Right, they should be. But until we figure out a way of performing a prefrontal lobotomy on a couple of generations of Kremlinites we have to live in the world they also live in, and that means a world in which we are sufficiently armed to achieve our twin objectives of peace, and survival.

Well then, how else do we cut down?

That is the question the liberals are always asking you. It is, so to speak, the stock ambush. The speed trap, where you are simultaneously urged to travel quickly, and arrested for doing so.

Although the House is the origin of all money bills and therefore bears direct responsibility for deficit spending, it is the President who is charged by the Constitution with making recommendations. President Reagan's proposed cuts are clearly insufficient to effect a balanced budget, which means that either we tolerate the deficit, or we cut further. What irritates is that it should be supposed our obligation to specify these cuts. Well, why not head back to the spending level in welfare of 1970? To suggest such a thing brings palpitations, as if we were being invited back to the days of the Great Plague.

1970 . . . In 1970 we were fighting an ugly war, but there is no reason to do that again, in our return to some of that year's habits. I remember that in 1970 there were healthy people about, the daffodils came in the spring, and in the fall the leaves turned golden brown. Unemployment was at 4.9 per cent, inflation at 5.5, and *Love Story* was published. And they revived *Charley's Aunt* and *Harvey*. Woodstock was in 1970, which means a baby boom in 1990 for which Tom Wicker had better prepare. And there was *Dirty Dingus Magee* with Frank Sinatra, *Applause*, and *Company*. And *Rich Man, Poor Man*, which suggests that there was even then a difference between the two, as there will be, now and forever, amen. □

THE SAD STORY OF BISHOP DRURY

New York, Dec. 21—The failure at this end to have remarked rapturously on the virtues of our Secretary of the Navy is to be taken as evidence not of his shortcomings, but of mine. He has infused much energy and intelligence into the enterprise of rebuilding our fleet, which suffered as much devastation at the hands of President Carter, whose name will live in infamy, as at Pearl Harbor. But his prodigies as a shipbuilder are not the subject of this column, which addresses his stirring exchange with Bishop Thomas J. Drury of Corpus Christi, Texas.

Here is what happened. The elders of Corpus Christi put pressure on the Navy Department to name a vessel after the city, an altogether conventional request, particularly coming from a city by the sea. The Navy acknowledged the request by naming a newly commissioned nuclear submarine the *Corpus Christi*. The city passed a formal resolution of gratitude, and that would have been that—except that Bishop Thomas J. Drury wrote to Secretary John Lehman to protest, on the grounds that it was not fitting to name a warship *Corpus Christi*.

One assumes that Bishop Drury is an elderly bishop, and therefore recalls, from the days when Latin was the universal liturgical instrument of the Church, what exactly Corpus Christi means, which is "body of Christ." Twenty years after Hiroshima, a group of modernists within the Catholic Church ganged up against the use of Latin, so that the sons of Corpus Christi are probably unaware what it actually is that their city is named after. On the other hand, that knowledge is presumably not denied to the Russians, whose KGB can penetrate most secrets, regardless of how zealously the modernists in the Vatican protect them.

So Secretary Lehman answered the Bishop, and began by reminding him that naming a naval vessel *Corpus Christi* was not a historical precedent, since we deployed vessels so named during World War II and Vietnam. The Brazilian navy has a vessel called the *Espirito Santo*—and so on.

MR. LEHMAN then reflected on the positive effects that can come from recalling the historical background of American creations, which include not only submarines, but also cities. We cannot know whether the crime rate in Los Angeles would diminish if it were widely advertised that the city was named after Our Lady, Queen of the Angels; but it could hardly hurt. The alternative, of course, is to take such as "St. Paul, Minnesota," and strip them of their Christian heritage; but that would be the opposite of exorcism, hardly commending itself to the Bishop of Corpus Christi, who precisely wishes to remind us what the city's name is supposed to celebrate. Then Secretary Lehman jollied the Bishop along by reminding him that wholly secular uses of saintly references are simply a fact of life, and who can change it? As when you run into such headlines in the sports pages as "B.C. crushes Holy Cross," or "St. Andrews edges Holy Spirit." As a graduate of St. Joseph's College in Pennsylvania, the Secretary is presumably familiar with the problem.

But then Mr. Lehman struck. He quoted from St. Augustine ("To maintain peace within the natural order of men, rulers require the power and decision to declare war"), and St. Paul ("Not without cause does he carry a sword, for he is God's minister").

"My concern as a Catholic is with the theme that seems to underlie this issue: that naval ships and even military service are somehow profane, and less worthy of association with the Sacred Name, than, for instance, the city itself. I am sure that the real significance of the name of our submarine, suggestive of unity and peace among men, will be reflected in the profession of her commander and crew. They recognize that their essential mission is to keep the peace. A noble, ethical, and virtuous mission . . . fully recognized in traditional Church teaching."

The Bishop probably wishes he had been hit by the submarine, rather than its commander. Let us pray for him, as we do for peace. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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THE ETHICS OF ENTERPRISE

" The work ethic embraces far more than pride in craftsmanship. It involves a recognition that economic self-reliance is an essential element of human dignity. Self-esteem is available only to those who earn their own way. The exact opposite of this commitment to self-reliance is the conviction that the government owes to every citizen food, clothing, housing, paid vacations, cost-of-living clauses, symphony orchestras, ballet performances, and protection against every possible peril. The welfare-state ideology proclaims the citizen's right to all these things. This prevalent view is the reef on which private enterprise has run aground, possibly to its ultimate destruction. There is simply no way that the government can procure sufficient funds through taxes, bonds, and inflation to deliver on that foolish expectation. The welfare state, in contrast to charity for those in extreme circumstances, is not only an impossible dream, it is an economically devastating nightmare."

Dr. John A. Howard
President
The Rockford Institute
Rockford, Illinois

What are you doing about this?

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BRIEFS

(Continued from page 65)

is implicit in *The Lord of the Rings* a promise. . . . Rather than the slow decline of youthful hopes, the wearing away of high ideals, the cynicism and worldly wisdom of a creature accustomed to this fallen existence . . . we are promised that within as well as beyond our workaday being there is high adventure, great peril, and the possibility of success in something other than worldly goods." Lobdell's style is Academic Conversational, which makes for rambling, but this is a quibble: he has written a fine book about my favorite one. What more could I ask?

RICHARD BROOKHISER

RIDING THE MAST WHERE IT SWINGS, *by Anne Paolucci (Griffon, 84 pp., $7.95).* Poets are not merely comfortable with words (so is the salesman), or merely confident (so is the rhetorician, the politician) —they are *magisterial* with them. Anne Paolucci, who is also a full professor of English literature, is a poet. Consider the mastership she displays in the following poem from her latest volume:

THE COLOR OF BLACK
(For Rodney Hall)

In you it wears well, what others
Avoid for pale spring colors,
For the sesame street
Of small rounded joys—
You paint our wonder in white and
Mostly black, giving us back
In roses and thorns
A wide sweep of fragrant shadings.
Sleep is gentle in your words
Death a friendly voice.

The salesman can customerize him, the politician Fourth-of-July him, but it takes a poet to do what you see done here with disgraceful ease: sing a man's irreducible, mortal biography. Mr. Hall may not be aware that he has been immortalized with 59 words. (Pound: "If you write six lines of good poetry, you will be an immortal. Now, isn't that worth the effort?") The "you" here is both Hall and Paolucci. It is only fair, after all. So, go get yourself a poet. Present yourself, warts and woof, to her (or him), and wait. If the race had any sense, there would be a long line outside Anne Paolucci's door right now.

JOHANNES EFF

SWEET MAN: *The Real Duke Ellington, by Don George (Putnam, 272 pp., $13.95).* Someday, Duke Ellington—a man of considerable subtlety and, of course, one of our greatest composers—will be the subject of a detailed, scholarly biography, and it will no doubt be worth waiting for. Until then, interested parties would do well to stick with Don George's vivid memoir *Sweet Man: The Real Duke Ellington*, by far the most revealing book written to date about the sensual man behind the urbane mask. George, for many years Ellington's lyricist, has strung together in vaguely chronological order a series of I-was-there anecdotes, and in the strict sense the results can hardly be called a "book" at all; but considered purely as a composite portrait of Ellington at work and after hours, *Sweet Man* is both completely successful and unusually candid. The author's candor extends to many of Ellington's associates as well; George, for example, finally broaches the more or less open "secret" of Billy Strayhorn's homosexuality. (One wonders what Ellington, who used to rail every once in a while against the influence of what he called the "Faggot Mafia," thought about the sexual proclivities of his closest associate.) By and large, however, the focus remains firmly on Ellington himself: his working habits, his varied relationships, his voracious love life, all of which are dealt with at fascinating and explicit length. Highly recommended—but not for the prudish.

TERRY TEACHOUT

MOLNAR

(Continued from page 48)

ly was touched off by the short but bloody uprising in Berlin in 1953, followed by Budapest 1956, Prague 1968, and the decade of the 1970s up to August 1980 (Gdansk/Solidarity). Christianity and the pull of Western cultural values will prove—are proving—stronger than the Soviet divisions and the satrap system placed in Eastern Europe by naked and brutal force. Thus Moscow must take steps to stabilize and perpetuate its presence in the area. The stabilizing factor would be a (united) German participation in a kind of new Eastern European order.

Such negotiations have been under way for years—"contingency planning," it is called—between far-Left West German socialist leaders (Herbert Wehner, for example) and the East German hierarchy. It is not impossible that on his recent visits to Potsdam, Wehner talked to some Russians. We can, of course, only guess at the content of those conversations, which are formally speaking three-sided (Russia and the two Germanies), but in reality two-sided—Germany on one side, Russia on the other. But they would surely include the following issues: Bonn's leaving NATO, and loosening its ties with the Common Market, at least to the extent of enlarging its own trade with the Soviet Union; reunification and guarantees that the new German state would adopt a policy of neutrality vis-à-vis its erstwhile allies; a "pro-socialist" attitude toward the Warsaw Pact, even if the new Germany does not join it; finally, Berlin's (Bonn would no longer be a capital) cooperation with Moscow in stabilizing the satellites, which, now that they are industrialized, are an important economic asset. In fact, the importance of Eastern European industry which is altogether more dynamic than Soviet industry, if we discount the armament industry—is the key to the whole situation: it is so great that the Soviet Union cannot let go of the satellites completely, nor could a new Germany afford to renounce the huge new market that Eastern Europe would become, once a satisfactory political/military deal is worked out.

In this context, Herr von Gutenberg's words 25 years ago sound all too prophetic: the Germans may indeed be tempted by a deal with the East. The conclusion of such a deal if it is in the making—may well hinge on what happens in Poland.

If the Party succeeds in its suppression of Solidarity, will it strengthen West Germany's resolve to remain free and proud, or will it sap its already weakened will to resist? □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. What Charles I (Eng.) and Louis XVI (Fr.) were — 109 32 20 72 60 219 62 76

B. Combat clothes in general use during W.W. II — 131 15 78 90 162 173 181 27 35 49

191 118 216 6 26 63 98

C. The brother of a niece — 119 112 79 186 159 151

D. A town near Boston — 133 154 225 36 221 210 196

E. The descendants of Joseph's younger son — 146 7 137 57 161 94 168 187 22 30

107

F. An attendant in a law court (or restaurant personnel whose boss neglects to pay them) — 158 171 211 16 64 21 96 140

G. What the government of Italy often does — 220 192 81 123 97 111 172

H. Slang for food produced by Bossy — 226 13 39 1 47 103 51 174

I. *Reverberations heard* on April 18, '75 — 4 33 37 40 50 61

J. A main thoroughfare *in Chicago and its* suburbs — 12 8 56 104 122 177 208 9 19 71

84 28 134

K. A Vice President of the U.S. who became President — 24 124 42 65 3 74 116 82

L. A town southeast of Ashtabula, Ohio — 29 25 183 95 136 138 150 155 163 166

178 198 88 206 213

M. A *Representative* from Massachusetts, 1913-1945 — 34 125 66 52 175 85 113 180

N. The official name of a western reservoir, often known by another name — 68 200 184 207 126 142 229 215 14

O. Uplifted — 38 18 23 55 77 86 120

P. An underwater passage from New Jersey to New York City (Manhattan) — 83 48 58 157 227 170 201 223 80 209

75 132 102

Q. A national park in South Island, N.Z. — 92 87 99 149 108 121 143 169 190 197

205

R. A *noise that is not* necessarily elevating — 41 212 147 135 127 228

S. A man who was simultaneously a member of the House, a Senator-elect, and the President-elect — 73 100 224 185 141 156 53 160

T. A law designed to curb partisan activity by employees of the national government (it doesn't!) — 89 194 67 165 217 222 45 91

U. Nestling pigeons sold for food — 139 46 115 106 101 5

V. A University for the Buckeyes located in Columbus — 167 105 54 214 114 128 152 144 69

W. One who appoints his mother-in-law to a *government job for* the good of the party — 182 218 11 70 129 59 188 145

X. May 30 for many years was known as: — 189 17 148 199 179 195 204 31 43 44

117

Y. *Something of extreme importance* — 202 2 93 110 130 153 203 164 10 176

193

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 66 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

	1 H	2 Y	3 K	4 I	5 U		6 B		7 E	8 J	9 J	10 Y		11 W	12 J	13 H	14 N	15 B	16 F
17 X	18 O		19 J	20 A	21 F	22 E		23 O	24 K		25 L	26 B		27 B	28 J	29 L		30 E	31 X
32 A	33 I	34 M	35 B	36 D		37 I	38 O		39 H	40 I	41 R	42 K	43 X		44 X	45 T	46 U	47 H	48 P
49 B	50 I		51 H	52 M	53 S	54 V	55 O	56 J	57 E	58 P	59 W	60 A		61 I	62 A	63 B	64 F	65 K	66 M
	67 T	68 N	69 V		70 W	71 J	72 A	73 S	74 K	75 P		76 A	77 O	78 B	79 C	80 P	81 G	82 K	
83 P	84 J	85 M	86 O	87 Q		88 L	89 T	90 B		91 T	92 Q	93 Y	94 E	95 L	96 F		97 G	98 B	99 Q
100S	101U	102P	103H	104J	105V		106U		107E	108Q	109A	110Y	111G	112C	113M	114V	115U	116K	117X
	118B	119C	120O		121Q	122J	123G	124K	125M	126N		127R	128V		129W	130Y	131B		132P
133D	134J		135R	136L		137E	138L	139U		140F	141S	142N	143Q	144V		145W	146E	147R	148X
	149Q	150L		151C	152V	153Y		154D	155L	156S	157P	158F	159C	160S		161E	162B	163L	
164Y	165T	166L	167V	168E	169Q	170P	171F	172G	173B	174H	175M		176Y	177J	178L	179X	180M		181B
182W	183L		184N	185S		186C	187E	188W		189X	190Q	191B	192G	193Y		194T	195X	196D	197Q
	198L	199X		200N	201P	202Y		203Y	204X	205Q		206L	207N	208J	209P		210D	211F	212R
213L	214V	215N	216B	217T	218W	219A		220G	221D	222T	223P		224S	225D	226H	227P	228R	229N	

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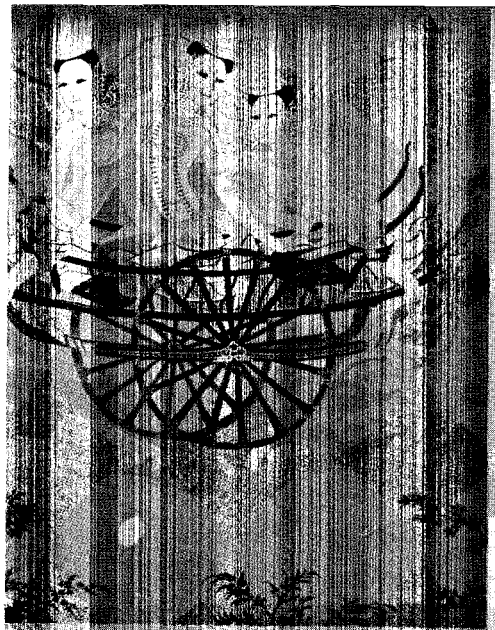
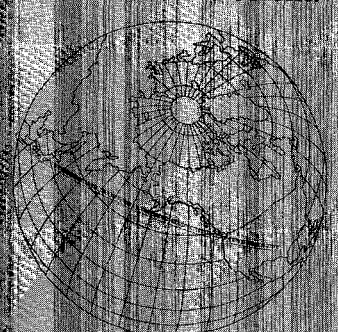
For centuries, flight has been part of our everyday life. The practical expressed with gracefulness and beauty. Found again and again in the legendary Ramakien episodes where travel between heaven and earth was a daily necessity. And uniquely Thai.



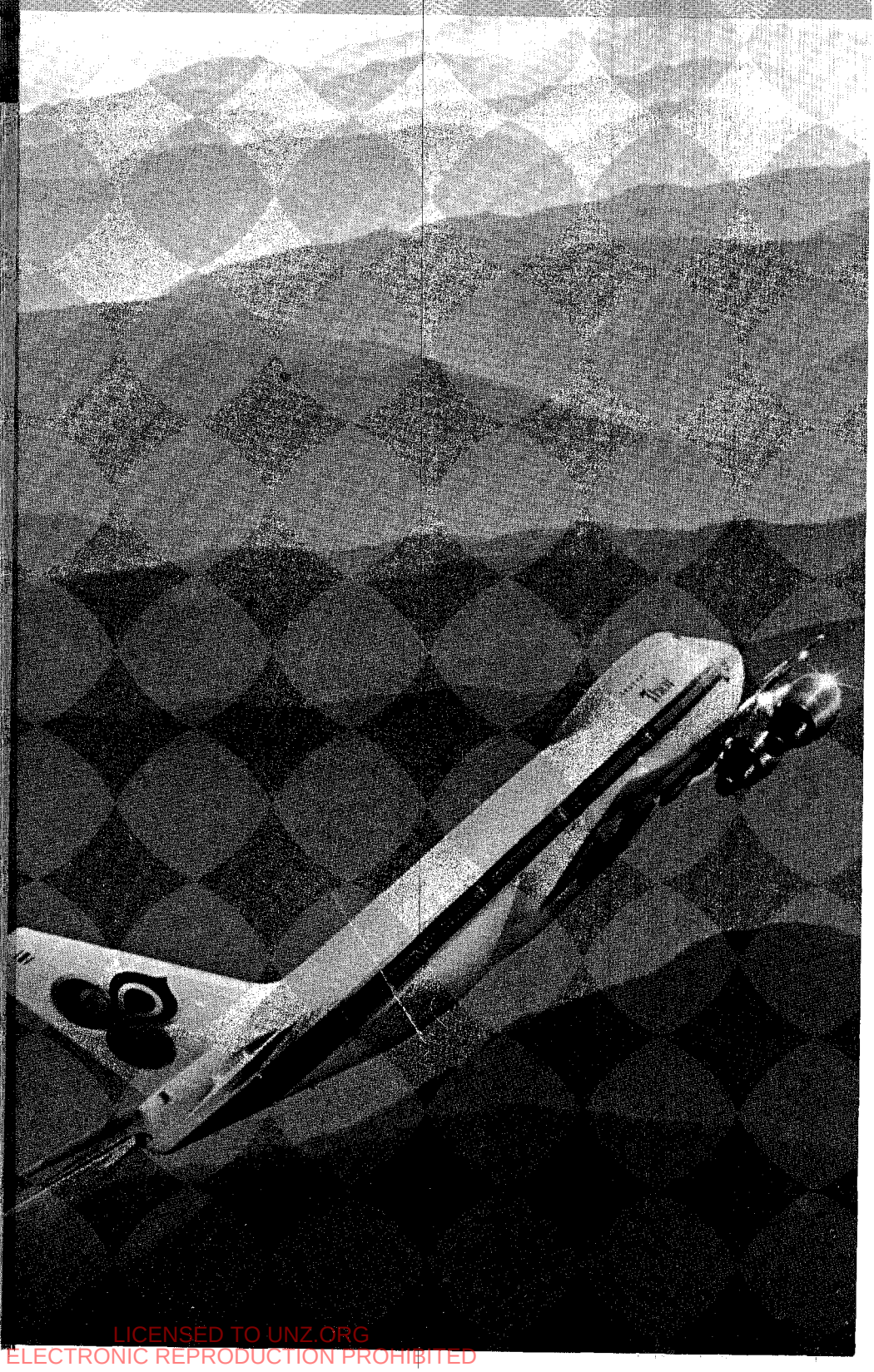
The richness of Thai tradition has permeated each plane. The physical is obvious: murals of authentic Temple art; a greeting of fresh orchids; the bowing, graciousness of the Thai "hello" (that exotic "wai" gesture). The essence of the experience becomes Royal Orchid Service. However, Thai imaginativeness stretches even to devising a route that cuts more than a thousand miles from travel to the Orient.



It is the "Great Circle Express," starting in Dallas/Fort Worth and flying a straight line to Seattle, Tokyo, Bangkok. It, like everything else, is extraordinary and Thai.

Thai

A Flight of Graciousness.



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